

The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. X.

Wednesday, 11 October 1933

No. 248

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Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow—I

The Changing Countryside

By Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON

I HAVE been, and indeed still am, spending a good deal of time wandering about the country in an old motor-car, seeing what I can see and hearing what I can hear. I have been to Cornwall and to Elgin, to the Fells of Westmorland and the fens of Lincolnshire. I have walked a good many farms, talked to a great many country folk of different sorts, and drunk a good many pints of ale in the bar-parlours of village pubs. And I hope to walk still more farms, to meet still more people and to drink still more pints.

Anybody who lives in the country, or takes any interest in its well-being, must be aware that a good many changes are coming to pass. In the first place science, in one way and another, is making possible quite considerable improvements in the old business of turning the sun and the rain and the good earth into meat and drink. We have our tractors, milking machines, combine harvesters, and so forth; we have new artificial manures, new kinds of grains and grasses, new knowledge of animal nutrition, and so on. All these things are quite rapidly increasing our power over nature. How far are we turning them to account?

All this technical progress, in a well-ordered world, ought to make the countryside more prosperous. If food can be produced, as it can be, with less bother and less human toil than ever before, then the producer ought to be, in some degree, at any rate, better off. And yet if we

look at our country today, the striking symptoms are not those of prosperity but of depression and distress. All classes are feeling the pinch; is it only that somehow or another we are making a mess of things, or are these hardships and trials just the inevitable hardships and trials of a revolution that is going to prove, in the end, a great and glorious one? Some people feel, of course, that scientific and industrial progress has got out of hand—that man is becoming a slave to the machines of his own making, that he is not morally fit to enjoy the fruits of his own intellect.

What Should We Do with Prosperity?

In this country we are just at the beginning of a great new experiment in rural economy which, if it succeeds, will go far to turn the possible benefits of all our new inventions into real, tangible benefits. The new marketing schemes are, of course, in detail, very complicated. But the underlying idea of them all is the same, and very simple; it is just the recognition of the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire—that the producer, so long as he is reasonably efficient, is to be assured of a reasonable reward. He is to be encouraged to produce by the prospect of a moderate profit instead of being hampered and discouraged by the fear of ruinous loss. Now the successful working-out of these schemes needs many

things. It needs a high measure of business efficiency on the part of the Boards. That's why the Boards are offering these immense salaries—they want supermen. It needs a new spirit of loyalty and co-operation on the part of farmers; and it will need, I think, a certain amount of sympathy and forbearance on the part of the town consumers.

Suppose that solid material prosperity does come to the countryside, what are we going to do with it? There are, of course, certain obvious material needs, certain obvious ways of creating a higher standard of comfort—better houses, electric light, proper water supplies (whose lack has been so much felt this summer) and so on. But prosperity should mean rather more than these things. It should mean more leisure, and therefore the possibility of leading a fuller life. What I really mean is that leisure may be a blessing or a curse according to the use we make of it. We may do things with it that are worth while; or we may do nothing, or worse than nothing. What, then, are country folk doing with the leisure that is already coming, and what are they to do with the more which will very likely come? That is a very big question and leads one on to all sorts of issues which we cannot follow up just yet.

A Western Panorama

I was brought up to believe that, whenever there was some big and worth-while job to do, the great thing was to get up early and eat a hearty breakfast. So, like a good Cobbett, I rose before five, fried myself four rashers of bacon and two eggs, drank three cups of tea and set off just as the clocks were striking six. My idea was to get to Lancashire, where I had planned to make a serious start, the same night; and being an inexperienced motorist with a newly-acquired car, I wanted to have the whole of the August day to face such troubles as might befall.

As I ran out of Oxford, north along the Banbury Road, the sun was striking the tall spire of Kidlington Church that has stood as a landmark in these parts for I hardly know how many centuries. A low mist hung over Cherwell's meadows on my right. In the arable fields the turnip leaves were drenched with dew—one could almost sense the plants' enjoyment of their respite from the parching sun. The wheat shocks shone golden and the barley pure amber in the morning sun—such tints as, marking the end of a perfect year for corn, come very rarely to us in England. Only twice before as I remember, in 1911 and 1921, have I seen this summer's colours equalled. A very few miles and a very slight rise bring you, by this road, on to the Great Oolite, that lovely grey stone that always looks so right whether you build of it a cottage or a farmhouse, a church or a cathedral. It yields indeed an indifferent soil, usually shallow and droughty, producing most things but moderately and nothing in real abundance—not a country to make fat either man or beast; but a country that, at its best—as, for example, in parts of the Cotswolds—is as lovely and as lovable as any that I know.

A dozen miles further and you come on to red soil upon a red stone. The stone you may see at its best in villages like Deddington and Great Yew, weathered to a beautifully rich mellow tone. This red land is light and kindly, fertile under a generous hand and growing some of the prettiest barleys that you will find out of Norfolk; but hungry and repaying niggard treatment with niggardly crops.

The Stubborn Glebe of Midland Shires

Past Banbury, well-known in these days for its modern and efficient stock market, you mount gradually to the top of Edgehill—part of the same escarpment that forms Broadway hill away to the left and the cliff at Lincoln, and that provides so many famous views. Here you look down upon the valley of Lias Clay—rather heavily wooded and with few arable fields. At one time, indeed,

these clays were famous wheat lands, but this was when wheat was £2, £3 or £4 a quarter, and a labourer's wage was 6s. or 7s. a week. You can still see, in almost every field, the marks of cultivation, the old rather steep and narrow ridges, laid up long ago to keep the wheat or the beans out of the winter puddle. It is very easy to get sentimental about the decline of tillage in England, to compare the empty scene today with the crowded picture of an old-time harvest. But bread at 1s. a loaf and wages at 1s. a day! We cannot go back and be such slaves to the land. Besides, this was all difficult arable—three-horse and four-horse land—and it now carries grass that varies from fair to very good. It is no great tragedy when unkind arable land goes down to good grass—it is when good arable goes down to what must be bad grass, as has been happening to some extent lately, that one gets the feeling that the thing must be all wrong.

Will there ever come a time when this 'stubborn glebe'—this tough, awkward, midland clay—will carry arable crops again? It is certain that it will never again be broken by four hairy-legged shires and a man and a boy and a single furrow plough. But there are other ways, now. I wished as I went along that I could transport fifty acres of the stiffest of it down to Long Wittenham in Berkshire and let our foreman, Tom Clark, take it on, with his tractor, in a ten-round contest. I'm not sure who would win, but it would make a good match.

These Kenper Marls and Bunter Sandstones give you a more mixed country—still more grass, but more arable fields with a bigger variety of crops and here and there a piece of bracken-covered heath. Perhaps you know the poem that begins:

'When I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind'

The rest of the verses I like, but I think these lines are hopelessly wrong. It is true that this country, or parts of it, may have, at certain times of the year, a trifle of honest mud. But it is not sodden or unkind; it is very English, very homely and very good. In fact, do you know any part of England or Scotland or Wales that is sodden or unkind or ugly or loathsome, except where we have made it so with our slag heaps and filthy smoke and unlovely houses? But here in Warwickshire, fortunately, you may dodge between the coalfields, by Kenilworth and Lichfield, without getting too angry about the mess and the squalor of the mining villages and industrial towns. Then, if you bear a little to the right, you may avoid the Potteries as well and come out, on the clean mountain limestone above the nice little town of Leek, and then down a really lovely valley to Macclesfield and so out into the rich Cheshire plain. Pastures here still looked almost lush despite the drought, and great wealthy crops of oats and wheat were standing in the stook.

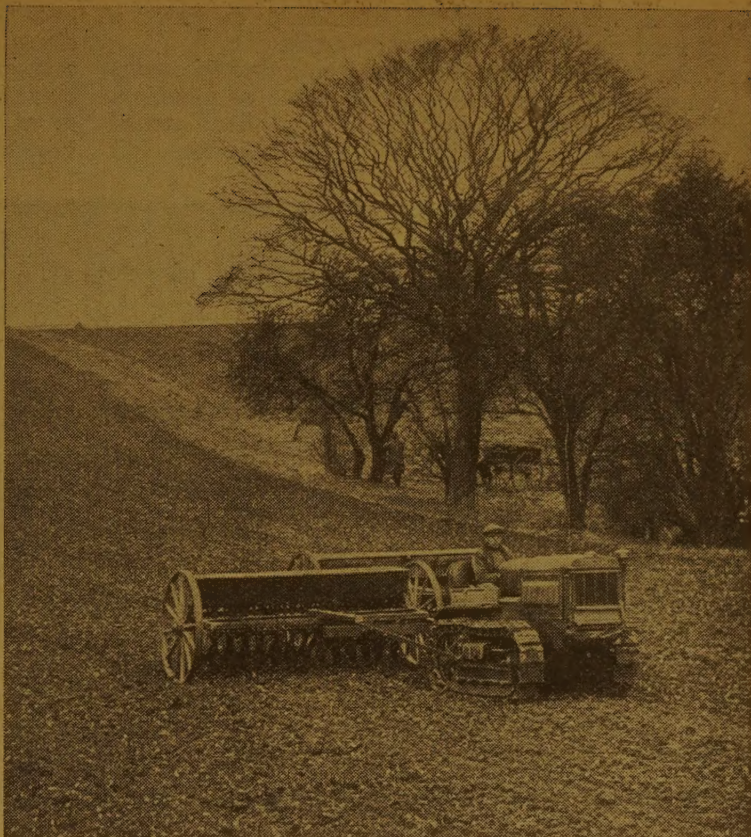
The Townsman Looks at the Country

But now there is no escape from Industrial England—and I plunged through Warrington and Wigan. It is a comforting thing to me that I need not describe them. If you travel north by the main road from Warrington to Preston you may well form the impression that the whole of South Lancashire is covered with Wigans, greater or smaller. But you will be wrong. Turn only a few miles to the west and you come into a fine agricultural district, indeed one of the most intensively farmed patches of arable land in all Britain. Looking at parts of it you could think yourself in the Fens or the Vale of York, for fields of potatoes, wheat, oats, clover, cabbage, brussels sprouts and such-like crops follow each other in endless succession as far as the eye can see. Here is a stretch of almost garden soil with a mild and (despite what people say) a not so very wet climate with one of the world's biggest markets at its door. The land, naturally, is highly rented, much of it letting, even in these times, at 60s. or 70s. an acre.

I put up at Ormskirk for the night—a plain little market town, innocent of factories. It was a hot evening again, and a good many thirsty travellers, on their way back from a day at the sea, stopped at the inn to refresh themselves. They say townsfolk never look at the country, but this is untrue. In the course of an hour two of these people (and they were all townsmen) remarked on the increased number of wheat fields. They knew, vaguely, that somehow a beneficent government had made it worth the farmers' while to grow wheat again; and they thought a good field of ripe wheat was a fine sight; and they were glad about the wheat quota, whatever it was. Nobody knew that it was costing him a farthing on the loaf to see these fields of wheat, and I didn't explain. I doubt if anybody would have been interested.

Potato Research

The next morning I went out to the Potato Research Station run by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany, nearby. It is very fitting that the station should have been planted here, for I think it was just hereabouts that the serious cultivation of potatoes first began in England. Most new crops—clover, turnips, swedes, mangolds—came from the Continent *via* Norfolk. But the potato, of course, came from America, and *via* Ireland to Lancashire—and not so very long ago after all. Potatoes were scarcely grown before 1760. The chief function of the Ormskirk station is to test out new varieties of potatoes; to see in the first place whether they are new; how long they take to ripen; whether they suffer from blight and wart and mosaic and leaf roll and all the other ills to which the flesh of the potato is heir; to see how they yield and how they cook. The new sorts are always interesting, though most of them, in fact, are thrown on the rubbish heap—as no better than King Edward or Epicure or Kern Pink or some other standard sort. Among the kinds I saw was a beautiful new early variety which seems doomed to suffer this fate. It is a shapely thing, crops well, ripens early, does not succumb to



The new way in farming—drilling by tractor

Illustrations by courtesy of the Agricultural Engineering Research Institute, Oxford

wart disease and, in fact, has practically all the virtues of the potato world. But it has a yellow-tinted flesh and the great British public will not eat yellow-tinted potatoes, whereas in France, oddly enough, they will have none other.

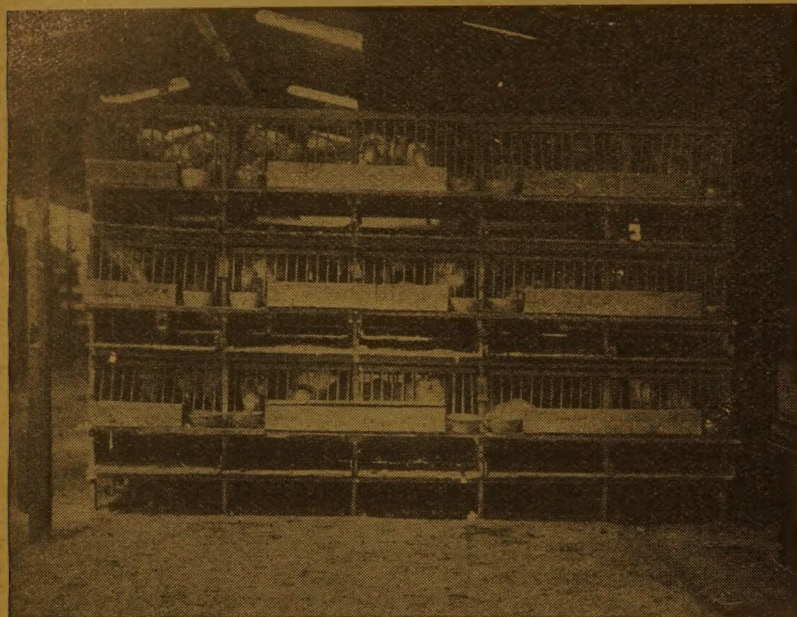
The potato, when it crossed the Atlantic, left a great many of its diseases and pests behind it, and lived for fully two centuries a healthy, if obscure and quiet, life in Europe. Then in the middle of last century one of its enemies, *phythopthera infestans*, commonly known as the blight, sought it out and caused the Irish famine. Then at the end of last century wart disease came like a bolt from the blue and caused a good deal of consternation. But both of these enemies, though well dug in, are now being kept more or less in play. Then the Colorado beetle has twice effected a landing on our shores, the second only the other day. But the latest news from the Tilbury front is that the invading force has been annihilated. Mr. Bryan, the director at Ormskirk, was, however, seriously alarmed about another pest, an eel-worm this time, which had pretty well ruined one of his own trials and seemed to be causing an increasing amount of damage round about. And he thought



One man ploughs four straight furrows

this fellow, *tylenchus schactii*, was likely to prove a pretty hard nut for the scientist to crack.

I drove on towards Preston, zigzagging through country lanes which seemed to have no sense of direction. There were fine crops everywhere. Indeed there seemed then every prospect of a first-class glut of potatoes, and



A modern battery brooder, where the chicks live in a miniature electrically-heated skyscraper

they were selling at the ruinous price of two shillings a hundredweight. I called at the Lancashire County Council farm at Hutton, near Preston, and saw a bevy of handsome Lancashire lasses under instruction in the mysteries of cheese-making, in a well-equipped and spotlessly clean dairy school. There was an interesting example here of the importance of giving the public what it wants, even if what it wants is something silly. Milk made into good honest Cheddar cheese was yielding the magnificent return of 5d. a gallon; made into Cheshire cheese 7d. a gallon; and made into a particular variety of fancy cream cheese, with a white outer layer and a yellow centre, 2s. a gallon. This fancy article was cheap to make—and easy enough when one knew how. I took away a couple and ate them (not all at once) afterwards. They were good cream cheeses as cream cheeses go, but then I am old-fashioned enough to prefer a bit of good old hard Cheddar.

Poultry by the Million

Turning the Ribble Estuary near Preston I swung west again through the Fylde—another fine country, but quite unlike the Ormskirk district. For here is mainly grass land, swarming with cows and poultry. Preston is the centre of the most densely populated poultry area in these islands. I forget how many million hens reside within a twelve-mile radius of the town—certainly a lot. I stopped to look at a biggish poultry farm—a matter of ten thousand layers, turning out about a couple of million eggs a year. It is run, for experimental purposes, by one of the big firms of feeding stuff merchants. A big modern poultry farm illustrates the advancement of science in farming about as well as anything that I know. Here was a 'baby mammoth' incubator, holding five thousand eggs, electrically heated and most delicately controlled as to temperature. If anything should go wrong, and the temperature deviate more than a degree from that desired, alarm bells ring in the office, in the foreman's house and the manager's house simultaneously. Only once has this

particular alarm set functioned, when a pole carrying the electric supply wire was struck by lightning. On this occasion the emergency heating apparatus was turned on at once, and the five thousand potential chickens were saved. There was here, too, one of the modern battery brooders, also electrically heated, where the chicks live in a miniature skyscraper, floor above floor, the younger ones in the top storeys where it is warmer, the older down below where it is cool. My host, however, was not over-enthusiastic about these things; he said science had hardly yet found complete substitutes for sunlight and freedom.

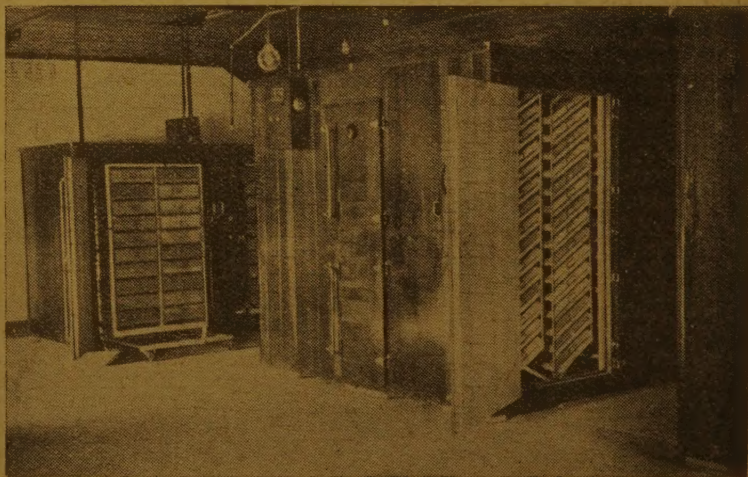
Deceiving the Simple Hen

The grid seems likely to be of great service to poultry farmers, because, apart from heating incubators and brooders, and running food-mixing machinery, it is becoming increasingly common to supply the hens themselves with electric light in winter. The modern hen, which has forgotten how to go broody, still remembers that the time of lengthening daylight is the time to concentrate on the business of egg laying; and so you deceive her silly mind into the belief that spring has come in November, by adding an hour's daylight at each end of the day. My host was quite convinced that the artificial light produced more winter eggs, but he said that more important still was the fact that the men on his farm could work in comfort and get through

their various tasks unhurriedly and in proper time.

The Small Man Must Specialise

The question always is, what about the small man? If a mammoth incubator, practically running itself, can turn out a thousand chicks a week, how is the small man to compete? Sometimes, I am afraid, the plain answer is that he can't. But this doesn't necessarily mean that the small man must go out of business. Hatching,



A mammoth electric incubator which can hold 16,650 eggs

Illustrations by courtesy of W. Hammett and J. Sutton

after all, is only one part of the poultry business, and there is no mechanical device—as yet—by which we can make a hen lay two eggs a day instead of an egg every two days. Sometimes, as in this case, the answer is merely that the small man must specialise—must hand over a part of his job to someone else and concentrate on the rest. But the small man must use his head, must be ready to dodge out of a particular line into something else, when he sees one of these revolutions arriving. And undoubtedly the things that remain for him are getting fewer.

Scientific Research and Social Needs—I

What is the Use of Science to Society?

A Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and JULIAN HUXLEY

PROFESSOR LEVY: So, Huxley, I hear you are rushing round the country making a survey of scientific activity.

JULIAN HUXLEY: Yes, Levy, the B.B.C. asked me to do this very interesting, and I might say arduous, job and I have started trying to find out something about the different ways and means by which scientific research is being carried on and its results applied. So I have already been to Scotland and Wales, and shall go on for some time visiting various laboratories and research institutions. The idea is to attempt to discover how far science today is helping to cater for the needs of the people of this country.

H. L.: Do you mean you propose to show how science is serving the needs of British Industry?

J. H.: No, that is only a fraction of what I had in mind. After all, science is helping Government Departments like the Post Office, and it is being used to improve the nation's health. I want, too, to see what is being done in regard to pure science.

H. L.: Of course, all these come within the ambit of science—and more—but the question I was raising was whether in the main, historically if you like, the driving force of science isn't its use for production, and whether all these other aspects are not really subsidiary to that.

J. H.: I don't know that I had thought about the problem along those lines. Perhaps we ought to clear the ground a bit and get down to fundamentals.

H. L.: All right, let us first examine what is this science you are going to study. I suggest that the proper way to approach that question is first to examine what science has done in social life, its relation to man's needs and the methods it has developed for handling the raw material of nature. Secondly, if we wish to understand why science has taken on the complexion it has, we shall have to ask ourselves some questions about what the forces were that directed scientific attention to certain fields to the exclusion of others. For example, why so many scientists turn to the properties of dead matter and so few to social problems, why we know so much about dead storage and so little about how the community is run.

J. H.: Certainly these are aspects of science. But I generally like to think of it as a body of knowledge. The knowledge is organised, and it is based on the scientific method. And the scientific method consists of testing your results by observation and experiment, and in publishing your facts and your procedure in full, so that others can check your conclusions. This knowledge can, of course, always be applied to controlling nature, but most scientists, I think, would say that there definitely is something that can be called *pure science*, which has a momentum of its own and goes on growing, irrespective of its applications.

H. L.: I think that stated in this way, a false emphasis is being laid on pure science. There can be no essential division between it and applied science. They are inter-dependent surely, and differ only in remoteness from application.

J. H.: What about Greek science, for instance, which had hardly any applications?

H. L.: The fact is that the Greek state was catered for by ample slave labour, and therefore there was no need for mechanisation for labour-saving devices. Thus the interests of the Greeks were those of a leisured class, and therefore their science was mainly philosophical in complexion. Whatever application there was, was mainly to war.

J. H.: Yes, I see that. I suppose that is also why Greek science differed so radically from modern science in having little experimental foundation, and why the ancient Greek scientists, unlike modern scientists with their detailed technical publications, seem not to have been interested in the methods by which they reached their results, but only in their conclusions. As a matter of history, I would say that modern science began in earnest less than three hundred years ago with Francis Bacon, and his emphasis on the need for objective testing.

H. L.: Agreed. But surely this underlines my earlier point that science takes its complexion mainly from the social and

economic life of the times. There was little experimenting among the Greeks because there was little need for application, whereas at the time of Bacon, social life had changed considerably, transport and navigation to distant parts of the earth had come in with commerce, crude slavery had all but passed away. All these things were stimulating that deliberate and critical study of nature which we call experimental science.

J. H.: That's all very reasonable. But what about pure science today? There are surely plenty of practical problems for science to deal with now, and yet we find scientists spending a great deal of time on very abstract and remote questions like the quantum theory, the habits of deep sea fish, the expanding universe, or the internal constitution of stars that we can never hope to influence at all or to control in any way.

H. L.: Ah, that arises, it seems to me, from the peculiar nature of modern conditions, where science, unable to find its outlet for its accumulated energy in industrial practice, turns rather to more speculative fields. That, however, is another story. Anyhow, even these matters you mention are associated with others which themselves have applications—for instance, the quantum theory has applications not very remote from the state of affairs inside the ordinary wireless valve. Scientific work interlocks from one end of the scale to the other.

J. H.: Yes, I see your point, but there are difficulties in this severely practical view. Surely a great deal of scientific work gets done just to satisfy the interest of the scientists who carry it out? And if so, isn't it being carried out for its own sake, as an end in itself?

H. L.: Yes, to the individual scientist it appears so; it gratifies an individual desire and provides a personal satisfaction. So to him it appears an end in itself. That is, of course, a practical but personal aspect. The scientific work he does, however, is taken up by someone else, and so he has played his part in the movement we call science. He has his personal interpretation of the small part he has played, but we have to see science in wider perspective, as a social affair fulfilling, however inadequately, certain social needs or providing some of the machinery for their fulfilment.

J. H.: What about the keen amateur scientist—the amateur astronomer or insect-collector or bird-watcher? He surely is making his observations an end in themselves?

H. L.: In that sense, yes. It is satisfying a personal need, certainly. But because it is so personal, its scope is restricted.

J. H.: I think we might see how far we agree now after all this argument. How will this do as a formal definition? Science in the modern sense is a body of knowledge which has been tested by experiment. Historically it has grown as a result of several factors, which affect man both as an individual and as a social animal: firstly, our need to exercise some control over the forces of nature; secondly, our urge to understand man's place in the universe; and, thirdly, the pleasure we get out of the use of our faculties in the process of observing, understanding and changing nature. Would you agree to that?

H. L.: Yes, I think that will do, although you are still thinking of it as a body of knowledge. But now, agreeing that science and the scientific movement have emerged out of the growing needs of society, we ought to examine what stress has been placed on the various aspects of it, the purer as opposed to the more definitely applied. What, for example, settles how much money shall be devoted to scientific work in the universities in comparison with severely technological work outside of them? Is there any deliberate control of the scientific movement, as a whole, or does it just develop chaotically?

J. H.: That is a very difficult question—so many factors are involved. For one thing so much of the work done at the universities interlocks with practical applications, I agree, that one can hardly draw a sharp line between the two fields.

H. L.: Would you then agree that the universities and purely academic institutions are doing work essential to industry which industrialists don't or won't do for themselves? For example, Faraday's electro-magnetic discoveries and his investigations of the constitution of benzene, conducted at the

Royal Institution, were ultimately accepted by industrialists, but not initiated by them, fundamental as that work was.

J. H.: That, I think, is certainly true. In the present condition of world affairs, it looks definitely as if industry is unwilling and apparently unable either to provide the broad scientific background of research out of which new applications grow, or to undertake large-scale and fundamental investigations which don't promise fairly immediate returns. On the whole, it is fair to say that the universities provide the background, and government institutions (like the National Physical Laboratory and other branches of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research) carry out the long-term investigations.

H. L.: So you agree that universities, whatever else they are doing, are unconsciously playing their part in assisting industrialists to carry on their business?

J. H.: Yes, that is so; of course, the universities, like any other social institutions, can't help mainly serving the ends of the society in which they have grown up. But that's only one aspect of the matter. They may help to cheapen production so that prices can be brought down, and also help to stimulate new inventions and so to cater for needs that have hitherto not been satisfied.

H. L.: Yes, science has been used in this way, but even this analysis of yours is surely incomplete. There is a real distinction between two possible modes in which science operates. First, science may serve certain social needs directly, by stimulating our intellectual and philosophical interest. It may expose the false basis to many of the beliefs we have inherited from the past, and provide us with assured knowledge on which to reconstruct our view of life and of society. It assists, in fact, to sharpen our critical sense. Second, science may be used by those who have made it their business to cater for more immediate practical social needs. Before this aspect of science gets to society it has to be worth these people's while to use it. For the moment, however, we will leave that. Meanwhile I should like to hear more of what you intend to do in your survey.

J. H.: I shall, as I said above, be trying to find out what science is doing in this country to cater for its social needs. And the way I propose to divide up the field is roughly this. I shall take obvious needs like food, clothing, building and shelter, transport and health, and then see what science is doing to help there; then there is the relation of science to industry in general—where the funds come from, and how the research is planned and controlled; there is the assistance that scientists are giving in preparing for war, and the question of what the psychological side of science is doing to ease the mental tensions set up by society. And, of course, there will be something to say as to the scope of what we have just been discussing, namely science for its own sake—what is being done in the way of pure science in the universities, and of amateur science carried on as a hobby.

H. L.: Then doesn't there still remain the question of how science is actually organised to do all this work?

J. H.: Yes, I was coming to that. Some is done in laboratories attached to private firms, some in universities, some in government institutions, some through scientific societies, some in research laboratories financed by industries, some with the help of international organisations. In particular, I want to see if I can find out something about the imperfections and gaps in our scientific organisation. I shall, of course, only be able to deal with a small part of each field. All the same, I think I shall be able to make a survey which will give a useful general picture of the whole subject, and will bring out the co-ordination of all the scattered work as far as it is co-ordinated at all. And at the end I

suppose you will want to come back and ask me some more of these troublesome questions!

H. L.: If I ask you troublesome questions, it is because science is associated with troublesome things. But I should really like you to discover during your survey the answers to one or two difficulties I have. You know how glibly people talk about science being open, published for all and working for the benefit of humanity. I wonder if you aren't likely to find that a good deal of research for private firms is conducted in secrecy, so that the scientific knowledge is kept within the factory walls and used for private profit only, while these same firms are busy, as you have agreed, in absorbing the fundamental scientific work which is done outside their walls in public institutions? And then, again, I wonder how much research is conducted for national purposes, information and ideas which this country must keep to itself in order that British industrialists and British War Departments may compete successfully against the foreigner? I am raising the question because, if what I am hinting at is true, we must give

up all this clap-trap about science always being the benefactor of humanity at large and international in its aspect.

Then there is another point. You and I seem to be assuming that industry can absorb as much science as scientists can produce. I wonder how far you may find science running to waste? What I mean by that is just this. The scientific movement measures success in the application of its work when it produces the machinery for plenty; but nowadays we are beginning to realise that success in industry often demands scarcity and high prices. You talk about scientific applications to agriculture, but at the same time politicians and industry are restricting production and that side by side with unsatisfied needs and even starvation all over the world. Does it not look as if those who undertake to utilise science to supply the needs of the community are in a cleft stick? They dare only use science in a very restricted form.

J. H.: Let me get this clear. Are you implying that science is responsible for over-production? in fact, that the world is suffering from too much science?

H. L.: No; that is the wrong way to put it. There is plenty of scope for science. But just where science is most needed, the present order of society is incapable of absorbing it. Agriculture is a case in point, but there are plenty of other examples.

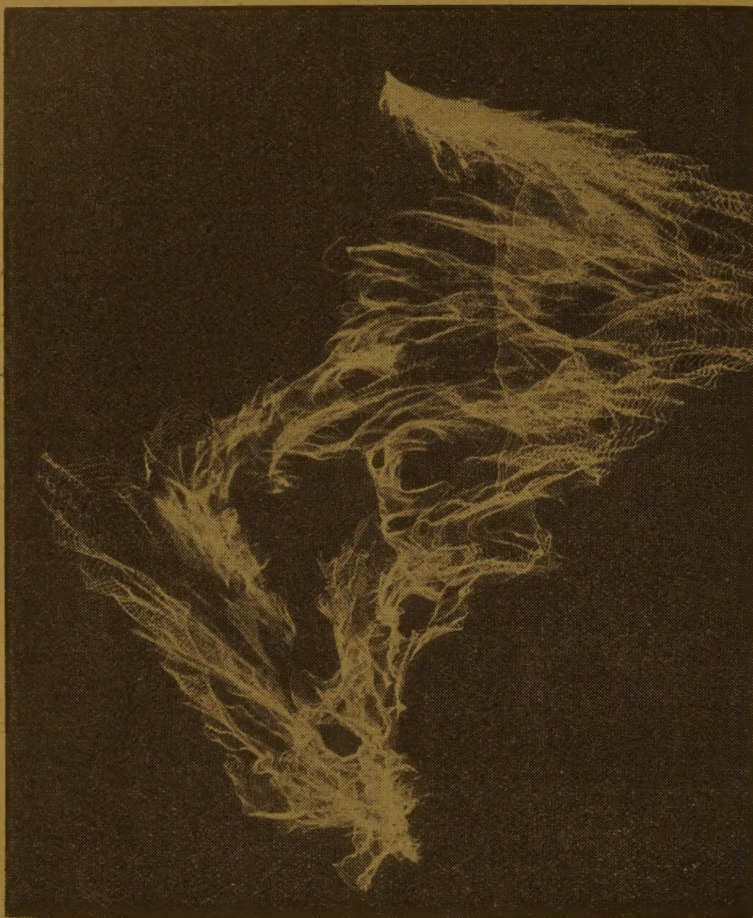
J. H.: Naturally, that is important, and I shall certainly keep an eye open for examples of that sort. But, meanwhile, we live in a capitalist world, and science and scientists have to take the organisation of industry as they find it.

H. L.: Yes, naturally. But I think it is important we should see the contradiction between the ideals that the ordinary layman and the scientist have about science and the way it actually functions. Take this question of nationalism, for example. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research is a government organisation which exists definitely to promote British industry as against the industries of other countries. I am not complaining about that, but I think it is important that we should see that science is being definitely used for this nationalist purpose.

J. H.: That, too, I suppose is inevitable, so long as the world is organised into national sovereign states. And this has a further consequence, namely that every nation has to devote a good deal of its scientific energy to research which is to be of use in war.

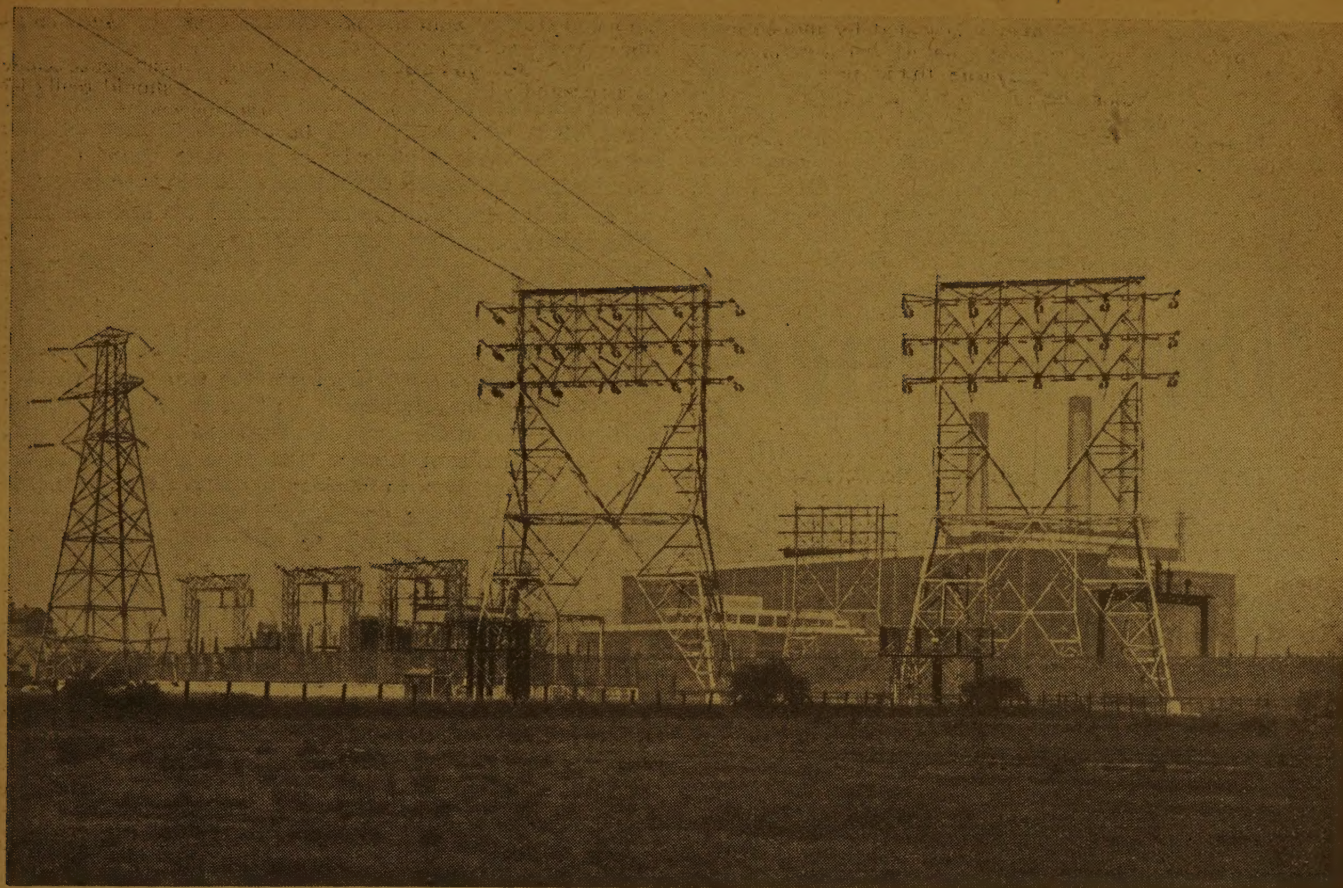
H. L.: So that science here plays a vital part in a consequence of nationalism, namely war. Are you then also proposing to look into this side of scientific research?

J. H.: Naturally that can't be left out. But meanwhile don't let us forget that research which is undertaken or financed



The 'pure' science of the laboratory: the million-volt spark —

From 'The National Physical Laboratory' (1933):
by permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office



—and science directly applied to the service of man: a power station of the Grid

By courtesy of the Central Electricity Board

primarily for war needs may have results that are useful for all sorts of peace-time purposes. Aviation would never have developed as rapidly as it has if it had not been for the Great War. Research in the optical glass industry has a background of war-time ends: but it gives us better field-glasses and camera lenses and microscopes in times of peace. Or again, the need of understanding and curing the thousands of so-called 'shell-shock' cases during the War was responsible for a remarkable advance in psychological science which is now being of the greatest service in dealing with peace-time disorders.

H. L.: All of which is perfectly true, but it is not necessary to justify war that way. Actually war follows naturally out of the struggle for markets, and I anticipate that we shall see how science is being used to intensify the one and prepare for the other. But let us pass to a less unsavoury subject, from the destruction of human life to its conservation. Do you propose to see whether science is being used to its full extent for the health of the community? Is it the case that research into, say, industrial fatigue is conducted in the interests of the workers or primarily for the increased efficiency of production?

J. H.: That is going to be rather a difficult question to answer. But I expect to have something to say on the more general problem of whether scientific knowledge, in this field of the nation's health, is really being used to the fullest possible extent, and as a matter of fact I can tell you beforehand that it isn't.

H. L.: I guessed as much. And now, Huxley, let us hear a little more about the international aspect of science. It is peculiar that it should have this aspect, considering the fact that, as we have seen, it is used so much for national purposes. There would appear here surely to be two conflicting currents at work.

J. H.: There are, of course, plenty of examples ready to hand. For instance, one of the most efficient remedies for African sleeping sickness is a drug called Bayer 205. This was discovered in a German research laboratory, but finds its chief use in British, French and Belgian colonies. Then there is the famous example of the synthetic aniline dyes which scientists produce out of coal-tar. The original discovery of the methods was made in England, but Germany was the only country to make commercial application of them for many years afterwards.

H. L.: Yes, that is so. But the reason for that is interesting. We must remember that Britain at that period held a well-assured position in the world markets, while German manufacturers were struggling to secure a foothold. Thus they were on the alert to use science at once for that purpose, backed by the German State. Thus in Germany, under the drive of her industrial needs, industrial research institutions came into existence earlier than here. So when you say that science is international, isn't it the case that it is simply those elements of

science very remote from industrial application that are international? That is of course a great deal, as scientific journals testify.

J. H.: Yes, but in spite of all you say about nationalism in science, I don't think many laymen realise the extent of the international side of science—the interchange of brains from one country to another by means of research fellowships, exchange professorships and so on, the congresses at which scientists of all nations take part, the way in which a discovery made in one country is taken up almost at once in another. What is clear, I think, is that science is trying to work on a lot of different levels, so to speak—sometimes in the service of a single firm, sometimes in that of a single industry, or again in the service of a single nation or empire, and finally on the international level, where discoveries are announced freely and published fully so as to be available to humanity at large.

H. L.: So to that extent science, like the scramble for trade, is riven by conflicting tendencies. International publication, national secrecy, trade secrecy.

J. H.: Yes, I'm afraid that is so. And I shall try, if I can, to lay my finger on particular cases where competitive secrecy is interfering with scientific ideals.

H. L.: Do you propose also examining where the gaps lie in the field of scientific study?

J. H.: What exactly are you thinking of?

H. L.: Well, if one of the main driving forces that determines the direction of research—I don't say it is the only one—is this need for science on the part of those who undertake production, then the scope of scientific enquiry is likely to be affected by this fact. For example, do scientists know why production has gone down to such a low ebb, in spite of the marvellous achievements of science? Before the War, it has been argued, we had crises associated with over-production, and now at the present moment, in spite of the refinements of science in production, we have a world-wide crisis with actual under-production and widespread restriction of output. The Economic Conference brought that out, at any rate. Have scientists reached agreement on that issue, or do you think it isn't even a suitable subject for a scientific study?

J. H.: Why, certainly, any subject is capable of being examined by the scientific method. For instance, most industrial research is aimed at making production more efficient. But why shouldn't the State, through the Department of Scientific Research, set going a really scientific investigation on the problem of how to stimulate consumption? Consumption is just as much of a problem for scientific research as is production. Only, owing to

(Continued on page 545)



The Listener

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Homes of Tomorrow

THE English', said D. H. Lawrence, 'are town birds through and through. . . . Yet they don't know how to build a "city", how to think of one or how to live in one'. In the face of such a condemnation—a condemnation which is echoed by Mr. Arthur Bryant in his talk which we print this week—it is good to see that the problem of our architectural future has at last fairly caught hold of the public imagination. It does not matter that it should have been forced upon it by the necessity of destruction, that its consideration should be in fact the positive aspect of the anti-slum campaign. The important thing is that, with opportunities for planned and imaginative building ahead of us, a real effort should be made to consider not only what is 'expedient' but also what is 'good'. There is indeed little danger that the first of these matters will be neglected. Expediency turns mainly upon cost, and with harassed town councillors and overburdened ratepayers making their voices heard, this will always be a dominating factor. Nor do we suggest that this should not be so. We are at present under the necessity of rehousing the poorest people in the country and it is clearly our duty to provide homes that are within their means. One example will suffice to show the limitations imposed by economics. It has been calculated in one community that an increase in rent of 4s. 6d., following the rehousing of the poor in model dwellings, 'was enough to raise the death-rate fifty per cent. and bring with it starvation, disease and suffering'. Economics we have always with us, but they provide only a framework, within which we may still pose the question—'How shall we plan our houses and cities of the future?'

At the outset we are met by a wide divergence of opinion which can perhaps be a little clarified by arrangement into two main groups. There are those who believe that architecture is merely 'the product of environment and economic demands', and that when all the possibilities of scientific experiment have been realised, we shall have a bizarre and prodigious architecture, 'suitable for a machine age'. Into this group we can put all those who lay the chief emphasis upon functionalism, regarding the architect as an engineer. In opposition to this so-called 'modernist' group, stand all those—not necessarily conservatives—who care for tradition, all those who believe that architecture has internal laws of its own, independent of passing fashions or experimental mediums. Pos-

sibly the existence and fundamental opposition of these two schools of thought would not have been so clearly realised, had not the modernist architect begun to push his experiments into the sphere of domestic architecture. For here it was that a lack of sympathy first became apparent between a style of architecture based on the machine and the needs and ideals of the human being.

The doubt therefore arises whether we can radically change man's environment without to some extent changing human nature. We are forced to ask ourselves what sort of people could live in the fanciful future which Mr. Wilenski has painted, 'when houses will spring high in the air from tops of shafts like groups of blossoms on one stem, or spread outward like branches, or hang like giant bridges above the landscape'. In fact we might well be warned by the experience of China. 'Telegraph Poles', says Mr. Wyndham Lewis, 'were the gloomiest of all western innovations in China: their height disturbed definitely the delicate equilibrium of lives', and again: 'No Chinese street is built to form a line of uniform height . . . the houses are unequal to fit the destinies of the inhabitants'. Possibly these are mysteries peculiar to China, but that an intimate connection does exist between architecture and the spiritual life of man, was never more forcibly proved than in the West during the Gothic epoch. And this fact suggests that those who are so ready to envisage a gigantic future, in terms of steel and concrete, would do well to consider it first in terms of human ideals. At least until we have reached a more general agreement upon our spiritual destination, it seems unlikely that we shall achieve another architectural epoch comparable with the Gothic.

There is, too, a danger that we may be led astray by the glorification of the merely smart; and in this the baleful influence of the camera can be detected. By rendering sensational vistas of factory stack or skyscraper it has undoubtedly made functionalism fashionable. Ultimately, as the traditionalist maintains, the way through such chaos can only be found by the deliberate exercise of 'taste' or preference, the way presumably in which Wren arrived at his peculiarly English style. But in extreme functionalism, taste plays little part, beauty being too closely identified with convenience. 'In theology', says Mr. A. J. Pentty, 'it is laid down that a heresy is not necessarily a belief in something false, but an exaggeration of one aspect of truth insisted upon to the damage or denial of other and equally important truths. The constructional heresy is of this order'. As to these other truths which the architect of the future must remember, we might offer D. H. Lawrence's conclusion: 'The great city means beauty, dignity and a certain splendour. This is the side of England that has been thwarted and shockingly betrayed'. There is now clear evidence of a general will to right this state of affairs. England has been haphazardly and vulgarly fashioned by the speculative builder long enough and the opportunity of the architect with understanding and vision has arrived with a new era of town and city planning.

Week by Week

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN is well on the way to becoming one of our national heroes. His reception at the Albert Hall last week (described for listeners by Sir William Beveridge, who hurried from the meeting to Broadcasting House to give an eye-witness account of the proceedings) was tremendous; and it is a great tribute to Einstein that the enthusiasm which punctuated his speech was not roused by any hysterical or emotional appeals. He was not concerned with denouncing anybody; his only business was to affirm, as a man, a Jew and a European, the values of science, culture and civilisation. When he became eloquent it was not on the misfortunes of himself or his race, but on the broader issue of preserving intellectual

and individual freedom, 'without which there would have been no Shakespeare, no Goethe, no Newton, no Faraday, no Pasteur, no Lister' . . . no comfortable houses for the mass of the people, no railways, no wireless, no protection against epidemics, no cheap books, no culture, no enjoyment of art for all.'

* * *

In the second part of his speech, Professor Einstein threw out an ingenious suggestion about scientists in lighthouses. A solitary life in the country stimulates the creative mind; few who wish to think out problems of a mathematical or philosophical nature can afford to do so during the most productive period of their lives; so why not put them in lighthouses and lightships, jobs which, without demanding of them any great mental or bodily effort, would give all the peace and quiet they wanted? It would seem an excellent idea, provided that the scientists had the necessary capacity for solitude; for there is surely a great difference between the solitude of the country where company can be shunned or sought at will, and the solitude of a remote lighthouse where for definite periods there is no chance of any company at all. Indeed, it is the horrors brought on by solitude that are the theme of most literature about lighthouses. It is difficult to remember any lighthouse in a book—with the exception of Mrs. Woolf's—whose inmates did not come to grief. There are Strindberg's lunatic lighthouse-keepers; there is Kipling's in 'The Disturber of Traffic', whose head 'became streaky from looking at the tide so long'; there is Wilfrid Gibson's lighthouse at Flannan Isle with a particularly bad record of keepers:

. . . Six had come to a sudden end
And three had gone stark mad,
And one, whom we'd all known as friend,
Had leapt from the lantern one still night
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall.

But perhaps the companionship of the wireless has now sufficiently relieved the solitude of lighthouse life to make it safe for the young philosopher.

* * *

Messrs. Spink and Son are at present showing in their gallery at King Street, St. James's, S.W. 1, the newly-discovered Holbein of Henry VIII which M. Paul Ganz, the Holbein expert, considers to be 'the most important portrait ever painted of Henry VIII'. The four thick layers of paint superimposed on the original by successive restorers have not only concealed its authorship till the other day (for long it was attributed to Hornebault, a disciple of Holbein) but, equally successfully, preserved the genuine painting from damage so that now the 'restorations' have been removed, the original is seen as remarkably fresh and whole. As will be seen from the reproduction published on page 551, there is no mistaking the subject: like all the other portraits of Henry, it shows the familiar heavy cheeks, scanty eyebrows and square head topped by the inevitable cap set at a jaunty angle. It is of considerable biographical interest, for the last known Holbein before this is dated 1540: between then and 1542, the date of this one, Henry had tired of (and got rid of) Anne of Cleves, taken Catherine Howard, and had her beheaded for unfaithfulness and suspected treason. A contemporary writer comments on the effect of this disappointment on the king—'He seems old and grey since the mishap of this last Queen'—and this Holbein portrait is of importance as recording this disappointment as faithfully as previous portraits record Henry's arrogance and self-assurance. The painting is indeed intimately connected with Catherine Howard; it comes from the Castle Howard collection, having passed into that branch of the Howard family at the sale of the Earl of Arundel's pictures early in the eighteenth century; the Earl of Arundel had it by inheritance from the Duke of Norfolk, Henry VIII's statesman and Catherine Howard's uncle; and it is supposed to have been given him by Henry VIII to show that the misbehaviour of niece had not put uncle out of favour. It is altogether a picture worth visiting for many reasons.

* * *

On the last day of September M. Prokofieff, a young Russian balloonist, and two colleagues eclipsed by nearly two miles the record ascent into the stratosphere of Professor Piccard of Belgium, made in August of last year. The balloon ascended near Moscow on a perfect day. In less than an hour the observers got more than ten miles up from the earth; they eventually reached a height of 19,000 metres (nearly twelve miles), encountering pressures only a fifteenth of those at the earth's surface and temperatures as low as 70° centigrade;

they landed safely sixty miles from the capital after seven hours in the air. The balloon was the last word in design. It had been carefully tested to stand the rigorous weather of the stratosphere and it stood the strain perfectly. Its 'cage' was a large air-tight sphere with windows. It provided comforts as well as safety for its occupants. They breathed good air; they were warm, almost too warm; they sat on chairs; they could move about. Electrical contrivances enabled them to work the balloon and to keep in touch with the recording instruments on its outside, and the greatest of them—wireless—kept the snug little community in constant touch with the world so far beneath. The professed object of the trip was scientific. The possibility of flying in the stratosphere was to be explored and general observations to be made; in that virgin field almost everything observed on temperatures, pressures, humidities, electrical ionisation and cosmic radiation becomes new knowledge. It is hoped that samples of the atmosphere at different heights were taken because their analysis later should give particularly interesting data. For these results the scientific public must naturally wait till they are published. But it is not to be expected that a single trip into the blue, however exciting in itself, can give the data which continuous and systematic work affords. In this country the majority of meteorologists do not believe that this larking in balloons gets the science of weather much 'forrader'; and it is quite astonishingly expensive. Small balloons with automatic recorders have for years furnished valuable data on the stratosphere, unobtrusively and cheaply, up to heights like 25,000 metres, greater than those reached by man. But though the trip could be pooh-poohed on merely scientific grounds it should be acclaimed on others. A new record has been made; men have backed their courage and their knowledge against Nature and have won. And the whole incident has pleased Soviet Russia.

* * *

One of the chief hindrances to the development of School Broadcasting is the difficulty of ensuring that its possibilities are considered by an informed body of investigators at the listening end. As with all new educational developments, *a priori* criticism is rife and it is hard to persuade the mind made up in advance to pause for a moment to learn the exact nature of the service offered and the aims in which it is conceived. The Central Council for School Broadcasting welcomed, therefore, the opportunity to provide the programme for the Annual Week-end Conference of the Training College Association, which was held in Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, in the last week-end of September. Nine meetings were packed into the time, of which five were devoted to the study of the School Broadcasting service, its aims and its processes. Five demonstrations, introduced by members of the Central Council, were given, and teachers from listening schools were present to answer questions regarding their procedure in correlating the broadcast contribution with their ordinary programme of work in the subject. As the week-end wore on, the value of this intensive study made itself noticeable in the discussions. The various broadcasts were considered both from the point of view of their direct effect on the child and also in respect of their value to the teacher as an educational adjunct. As a result the Council were provided with many valuable constructive criticisms, while the members of the Conference were enabled in some degree to estimate the work which must properly be undertaken by the Training Colleges if School Broadcasting is to take its place ultimately as a recognised part of the educational system. The views of the Conference were crystallised in the form of two resolutions which are to go forward to the Council of the Association, to the effect that teachers in training should in future be given an opportunity of assessing the possibilities of School Broadcasting, and that the Training Colleges themselves should take steps to elucidate certain of the outstanding problems connected with its use. The week-end was made the more memorable by the concluding address from Mr. S. H. Wood of the Board of Education, which turned the thoughts of the Conference from the processes of education to its essential aims, among them the development of the power of the individual to entertain new ideas, new people and—himself. The contribution of School Broadcasting towards the fulfilment of these aims cannot be overlooked—its initial appeal that the teacher should open his mind to the idea; its introduction to the school of an abundance of new personalities; and finally its power of implanting the seeds of a wide variety of interests for after-school life.

Foreign Affairs

Dangers of Austria's Isolation

By VERNON BARTLETT

A WELL-KNOWN Frenchman remarked after the War that the new Austria was going to give diplomats just as many sleepless nights as the old one had done. I am not sure that he didn't under-estimate the extent to which this small country, as anxious to keep out of the news as Denmark, Sweden or Switzerland, was to take up space in the newspapers and to encourage the use of sleeping draughts for tired statesmen. The world-wide sympathy for Dr. Dollfuss, aroused by the wretched attempt to assassinate him last week, shows how much the little country of Austria and the little man who rules it have become important in the public mind. As I pointed out when I broadcast from Geneva a fortnight ago, the cheerful way in which the Austrian Chancellor shoulders his tremendous burden of responsibility made him the hero of the League Assembly, just as it had previously made him the hero of the London Economic Conference. And sentiment apart, he is still so badly needed to guide the destinies of Austria that Europe must congratulate itself, as well as him, upon his lucky escape.

The truth is, of course, that if Austria keeps these statesmen awake and gets mixed up in world politics, the blame is ours. Our temporary passion during the Peace Conference for President Wilson's claim that there must be self-determination of peoples, and the appetite of the new countries in that part of the world, led us to chop up the old ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire so effectively that there is dangerously little of Austria and Hungary left. And one of the most acute problems in Europe has become this—if Austria cannot stand alone, who is to help her, and upon what terms?

The most natural thing would have been to allow the two German-speaking countries, Austria and Germany, to join up together after the War. But the French, the Italians, and, to a lesser extent, the British, were determined to prevent such a solution. They paid more attention to the fact that this *Anschluss* would have put on the map of Europe a great German *bloc* stretching from the Baltic Sea almost to the Mediterranean, than to the equally important fact that the whole nature of this German *bloc* would have been changed. For well over a century Prussia has been the most energetic of the German-speaking states. The Bavarians, the Austrians and the Rhinelanders preferred to take life more comfortably. Furthermore, Prussia is Protestant and they are Roman Catholic, and had the union of Austria with Germany been permitted the Catholics would numerically more or less have equalled the Protestants, and these more comfortable states, with this additional religious bond of union, would have found themselves so opposed to all that is aggressive in Prussianism that they would either have neutralised it or perhaps have broken away from it altogether. In other words, it is quite possible that Germany would have split up. In the north there would have been a Prussian republic and in the south an Austro-Bavarian kingdom. There would not then be this large, resentful and intensely enthusiastic National Socialist Germany, and this small, divided and intensely disturbing Austria.

However, as other people have remarked before me, what is past is past, and it is no good worrying about what might have been. The situation today is interesting enough without that. For the moment the principal delegates of the Great Powers have left Geneva in order to talk over what sort of a disarmament convention (if any) there is to be. Their place is taken by the more versatile but less important actors from the Danubian stage. The stars will be watching their understudies closely because the only European Great Powers which are not directly interested in the fate of Austria are, I suppose, Russia and Great Britain, and even British statesmen have sometimes intervened against schemes which, while encouraging trade between the Danubian States, would take away the advantages our country enjoys under the most-favoured-nation clause.

Italy and France have disagreed about a good deal since the War, but they have agreed that this political help to Austria must not come from Germany. Italy feels that way because she does not want another Great Power as a north-eastern neighbour. She fought in the last war to destroy that danger and she claimed a good deal of German-speaking territory in order to give herself the best possible military frontier against it. France feels that way because she has built up a system of alliances with Belgium, Poland and the Little Entente countries to keep Germany in check, and to make sure that she and her ex-allies do not get together again. These Little Entente countries—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania—were carved entirely or partly out of what used to be the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and they are determined that if they help France to control Germany she must help them to control Austria and Hungary, and so the situation stood until about a year ago. If the Little Entente coun-

tries still hesitated to give Austria the economic help she so badly needed, it was possible to keep her alive by pumping in oxygen in the form of international loans. These loans did not solve her difficulties or destroy the desire of many of her people to join up with the Germans, but they did postpone the issue, while the arguments about some closer economic understanding between the Danubian states dragged on. Meanwhile, Italy had no desire to have France or countries under French influence all along her land frontier. If she helped Austria and Hungary, these two countries would usefully divide France from Yugoslavia. The more the French encouraged the Little Entente, the more Italy encouraged Austria and Hungary, and the more difficult it became to get this economic self-help for the Danubian states which alone could lessen German influence over Austria.

For some time past a striking attempt has been made, mainly on French initiative, to develop friendship between Paris and Rome. This met with considerable success, which has been immensely increased by Herr Hitler's interest in Austria. The French felt they must win over Italy to their side, and the Italians felt that Germany or a German-controlled Austria would be an even more uncomfortable neighbour on the Brenner Pass than they had expected. German speeches about the union of all German peoples reminded them that a large area to the south of this Brenner Pass which is Italian on the maps is still German in sympathy. Thus the anxiety about Nazi foreign policy helped to prepare an understanding between the two countries, but it has not helped quite enough. Italy has always been discontented with the Peace Treaties, and she could not therefore be expected to take so strong a line as France against Germany or any other country that wanted to modify them. It has become rather a race between the efforts of Germany to win over Austria and those of France to win over Italy. There are so many outstanding differences between the Italians and the French, and especially over the future of Italians who live in Tunis and Morocco. In Tunis, for example, these Italians outnumber the French residents, and their increase has been a considerable source of worry to the French Government. Ever since 1896 these Italians had been allowed to keep their own nationality and to have their own schools, but in 1922 the French Government tried to cancel this concession, and now it is only extended for a few months at a time. If the French could offer a large enough concession here, the danger lest Italian dislike of the Versailles Treaty should put Italy on the side of Germany against France would disappear. But it is not easy to make concessions in a French protectorate which, geographically, lies so much nearer to Italy than to France.

Meanwhile, Dr. Dollfuss, in his desire to keep Austria free from German control, has come to depend more and more upon the *Heimwehr*, or Austrian Fascists. And these Fascists agreed to help him to suppress the Nazis if he in turn would help them to suppress the Socialists. He has not yet swallowed the entire Fascist programme—he is only a little man and the programme is a big one—but he is now in favour of the corporative state along Italian lines, and his Vice-Chancellor, Colonel Fey, is the most important man in the *Heimwehr* after Prince Starhemberg. As virtual dictator, Dr. Dollfuss depends less than before upon the support of parties inside the state, but more upon the support of Italy. Hitherto the Viennese, remembering the political subtlety of their nineteenth-century statesman, Prince Metternich, and the small size of their present Chancellor, always referred to him as 'Millimetternich'. Now, remembering that other strong man, Adolf Hitler, they call him 'Adolfuss'.

It would seem that France has been too slow in winning over Italian friendship and support, and the Little Entente too slow in offering Austria and Hungary facilities which would turn the Danubian states into an economic federation strong enough to resist efforts on the part of any Great Power to control them. Italy was not likely to quarrel with Germany, a country whose foreign policy and internal structure is in so many ways like her own, unless she received a much bigger inducement from France than would have been necessary a year ago. Hungary was not likely to abandon her claims for the revision of her frontiers for the sake of an economic federation, since she cares so desperately about the one and is, relatively speaking, so indifferent about the other. As far as I can see, most of the trump cards are at present in Italian hands. Either Austria remains Fascist, or she goes Nazi. In either case her government will be modelled very much along Italian lines, and Italy will have increased her influence among the Great Powers, since she will still be the mediator between Germany on the one hand and France on the other. And the job of mediator, although a thankless one, carries immense influence with it, as this country, which has so often done that job, well knows.



'Most of us today are town-dwellers, yet there are very few of us whose great-great-great-grandparents were not country folk, and . . . our subconscious selves hark back to their instincts and ways of life'

Drawing by Rowlandson: Victoria and Albert Museum

The National Character—II

The Englishman's Roots in his Countryside

By ARTHUR BRYANT

BY far the most important fact about our English civilisation in estimating its effect on the national character is that it grew in the country. To this, I believe, half our present troubles are due. Our industrial discontent, the restless, unsatisfied state of our family life, the discomfort, ugliness and overcrowding of our towns, may well spring from the fact that every Englishman is so certain that the only lasting utopia for him must lie in a rose garden and a cottage in the country, that he can never settle down seriously to making himself comfortable in a town. He sort of squats there and puts up with sordid surroundings, second-rate amusements and a general higgledy-pigglediness quite surprising in such a civilised, orderly people. When he fulfils his life's ambition and escapes from the city to the country, he starts to plan and improve his surroundings in a way that he never tried to in the town. An English cottage garden is one of the most beautiful things in the world, and the English industrial town one of the ugliest. It is strange that the same people should have made them both. Even the unsightliness of our modern main roads and the threat of ribbon development to rural England may, I think, be traced to the loyalty of the Englishman to his country origins: as soon as he can afford it, our townsman attempts to take root again in the country from which his forefathers came and buys a bungalow and half an acre of garden—a fact of which our speculating builders are, of course, quick to take advantage. Most of us today are town-dwellers, yet there are very few of us whose great-great-great-grandparents were not country folk, and even if we have no idea who they were or from what shire they hailed, our subconscious selves hark back to their instincts and ways of life. We are shut off from them, as it were, by a tunnel of two or three generations—lost in the darkness of the industrial revolution—but beyond is the sunlight of the green fields from which we came.

Now all this is explained by our history. Once, it is true, a

great city civilisation flourished in Britain—that of imperial Rome and its colonists. But it never took real root here—except perhaps in London, where I am told that there are still traces of Roman organisation and habit—and, when the legions were withdrawn, that civilisation vanished as though it had never been. And the invaders who followed the Romans into Britain were pure country dwellers—hunters, agriculturists and lumbermen who regarded cities as haunts of effeminacy and weakness and their stone houses as the walls of prisons. These they razed with fire (to clear the ghosts out, I believe!) and made their own homes on the wild downs or in clearings in the forests. And unless they had the sky above them and the green grass beneath they never really felt free. And freedom, like true countrymen, they loved above all things.

I am not concerned now about the various races who went to the making of modern England—Celts, Jutes, Saxons, Norman and the like. But what is of supreme importance is that until a century and a half ago England was a purely agricultural country. Apart from London there was no provincial city bigger than a small market town today; Bristol and Norwich, the two largest in England, had under 30,000 inhabitants. Even London, which concentrated within its Roman walls and liberties something like a tenth of the total population of the nation, was in many ways a country town. Not only were the fields and trees never far away—even from the centre of the town you could reach them in a quarter of an hour's walking—but the people themselves mostly came from the country and regarded themselves, not as Londoners, but as natives of the county from which they originally hailed. The first minister of the Crown, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury would all speak in the broad dialect of the Cheshire or Kent or Devonshire from which they came, as their phonetic spelling clearly testifies. The genuine Cockney does not appear till the eighteenth century, when England, partly through the classical

culture of her aristocracy and partly through the mechanical inventions which heralded the Industrial Revolution, first showed signs of becoming an urban nation. Before that time, he was non-existent: Pepys, for instance, born within sound of Bow Bells and resident in London all his life, always regarded himself as a Cambridgeshire man, from which County the Fleet Street tailor, his father, had originally come.

Now all this is very important if we are to understand ourselves. Because, having country roots, we are constantly haunted by needs and cravings whose purpose is no longer clear to us. Our culture—to use a rather terrifying and much misused word—is a country culture: that is, such of it as is still left us, for, though we have, since our emigration to the towns, lost and destroyed much of our own country culture, we haven't yet built up a civic culture to take its place. By culture I mean all that part of man's needs which is explained by the phrase—'man does not live by bread alone'. And all those mysterious inexplicable needs in England were satisfied by the sight of the sunlight on our English flowers or on some mellowed wall of fruit and ancient brick, the village street with its broad green and the traditional games we played there (when we rejoice at the white-clad figures playing their leisurely game at Old Trafford or Lord's or those coloured ones running swiftly across the stadium for 'Spurs or Arsenal, we are sharing in that ancient English communion) the service in the lamp-lit Norman church at eventide, the soft English twilight transforming all things to magic as we come home across the fields. Our poetry, our agriculture, our music are all founded on this homely country model: and the very themes which have inspired some of our greatest modern composers—Holst, Parry, Warlock, Vaughan Williams, Grainger—have been the simple songs which the ploughman sang as he followed his team, or the airs to which the village lads and lasses danced on the green at evening—'Blow away the morning dew', 'Yarmouth Fair', 'Shepherds Hey'. I sometimes think that the most moving memorial in modern England is the dedication to Cecil Sharp in the hall of the English Folk Dance Society saying that he restored to the nation the folk songs of its people.

There is another ancient, and, I think, elemental influence in English history and character. In few other countries of any size can it be quite so easy to reach the sea, or, once there, to take boat in any of the thousand harbours which our coasts afford. I don't know whether the seafaring nature of our history is to be traced to this source or to the blood of the old Norse rovers whose long boats sailed up our rivers a thousand years ago. But one thing is certain, that the discovery of America at the end of the fifteenth century gave Englishmen a wonderful chance to use the naval skill which they had learnt in the coasting trade on their own shores. Up to that time, if you think of the map of the world, you will see that England was at the very edge of the earth—'ultima thule' as the old Romans called her—the last place to which the trade and culture of the world flowed and beyond which there was nothing but the storms and mists of the vast, unknown ocean. But once America was found, the centre of the world's trade shifted from the Mediterranean to the western coasts of Europe—to Spain and Portugal, to France, to Holland and England. And of these, lying right athwart the trade routes from the New World to central Europe, rich in harbours, and with the south-westerly blowing home the traders across the Atlantic to her western shores, England was the most happily placed.

Now of this opportunity our people—particularly those who

lived on our western coasts—took a wonderful advantage. Sailing out from Bristol and Bideford, Falmouth and Plymouth, they made the high seas an English roadway. I can never cross the great Bay of Biscay without thinking—even in my utmost agony!—of the many thousands of Englishmen who have sailed across it into the sunshine or braved its storms as they came rejoicing home. This freedom of roving and trading introduced into the English character a certain rollicking strain—of that ever-growing company who earned their living by the sea, wore tarry breeches, swore strange merry oaths of their own devising and kissed a girl in every port. Living on the sea makes one adaptable, and free and easy: you remember the old fisherman's song:

The husbandman has rent to pay
(Blow, winds, blow)
And seed to purchase every day
(Row, boys, row)
But he who farms the rolling deeps
Though never sowing always reaps,
The ocean's fields are fair and free
There are no rent days on the sea.



A traditional centre of English village life

By courtesy of 'Country Life'

Now, of course, this marriage of the English nation with the sea had other results. For it brought to England a great dowry—trade, empire and wealth. It expanded the rule of the English from a little half island in the North Sea to 'Dominion over palm and pine'—over a third of the habitable world, in fact. And wealth and great possessions, of course, do tend to change a man's character. And they changed the Englishman's. For with wealth and the pride of dominion came also the burden of these things. And this meant that the Englishman became a more serious creature: a sober substantial merchant with many possessions and also many cares. There

is a big difference between the light-hearted islanders whom Erasmus visited before the New World was discovered, and who offered their kisses so freely to strangers, and the solid John Bull who typifies England at the end of the eighteenth century. Yet there was a still bigger change to come. For towards the end of the eighteenth century three very important things happened. One was that to meet the needs of her ever-growing world trade, English ingenuity discovered the means of making goods by machine. The result was an enormous increase in production and, as a consequence, a much larger population, made possible by that increased production. For the first time in her history, England began to breed people for town life alone. Another event of equal importance was the enclosure of the bulk of the English fields in order to increase the productivity of our agriculture and so find bread for the new towns. Up to this time a very large proportion of English people had been small freeholders and copyholders—earning their living by the cultivation of their own fields. They didn't perhaps earn very much, but they at least were their own masters. Unfortunately, the expense of the enclosures had the result of making it impossible for the small man any longer to earn a living on his own, and all over the country he tended to sell his holding to his rich neighbour (who in the end gained vastly by the process) and to emigrate to the new towns. This extermination of the freeholding peasant is probably the greatest social tragedy in English history. It is sad to reflect that at the very moment when the French peasant was gaining possession of the fields he cultivated, the English peasant was losing his. The change left English agriculture without a base—so that when in the next age its enemies assailed it there was no widespread popular interest to defend it. When that happened something definite had passed from English life.

Yet just, I think, because the English were so rustic in their souls, the new urban England that took the place of the old did so without the least attempt being made to create a new culture and a new organisation of life to that which our country forefathers had known. If what sufficed for the pastoral existence which was still the dream of every Englishman—banished like Adam from his ancient paradise—was of no avail in the new conditions of factory and town life, nothing could take its place. At least so, judging by their works, our great grandfathers appear to have argued. Fifty years after the Industrial Revolution had begun, Disraeli painted the picture of the people of England in captivity. If you want to make your flesh creep with sheer horror, read his description of Sheffield in 1845—or 'Woougate' as he called it—and if you think it is an overdrawn portrait, turn to the dry-as-dust files of the early Reports of the Royal Commissions on Health and Housing in our industrial towns.

One might have supposed that the result of such degradation would be very quickly to destroy everything worth having in the English character. But the miracle is that it didn't. Much harm it did, of course, and, despite the enormous improvement in the conditions of our industrial life since Disraeli preached that sermon, it is still doing harm to our people. But the English character, founded on centuries of liberty, local self rule and clean country living, proved itself to have remarkable powers of resistance. Whatever the English working man of today may be, he is no slave; and woe betide anyone—capitalist, bureaucrat, or communist—who tries to make him so. And this, considering what he has had to undergo, is nothing less than a miracle.

To explain that miracle, I think we must turn back to that wonderful inner sanctuary of the Englishman's soul which lies at the core of his character and of which I spoke last week. Three centuries ago that strange religious fervour which we call Puritanism swept over England for the first time. It didn't at first make any very lasting impression on the bulk of the English people—on the half pagan, half Catholic rustics of the old, merry England. Indeed, its attempt to impose a political despotism all but destroyed it in the reaction of 1660. But in the eighteenth century it gained new life; and, in that wonderful fervour which became known as Methodism, it gave to the banished peoples of the new industrial England the one force which saved them from spiritual starvation. In the early nineteenth century Methodism gave to the English town labourer the 'bread of life'.

It is difficult nowadays to understand quite how much this religious faith meant to all those exiled Englishmen and women—for I can call them none else—who felt the need for comfort and spiritual inspiration. It went deep down into the roots of our national life. The farm beyond my house is still called Zion, and in a thousand chapels throughout the length and breadth of Eng-



'When he fulfils his life's ambition, and escapes from the city to the country. . . .

Drawing by Bewick: Victoria and Albert Museum

land, the songs of Zion are still chanted on Sabbath evenings. And somehow this religion, to which the Englishman turned for comfort and emotion, became mysteriously intermixed with that other longing, inherent in his soul, for green pastures and the freer, easier pastoral life of his fathers. 'The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort'. How many of our urban fathers have sung the words and given them a strangely English meaning?

'Feed me in a green pasture': what a wonderful phrase that is to the English ear. I want you to think it over; and to think too of how you can make the spiritual vision it conjures up part of our English heritage. We cannot go back to the pastoral life of our forefathers: we have gone too far for that—and a poor business most of us would make of ditching or ploughing or even carting muck. But we can sit down and think how we can transform our urban heritage; what we can borrow from our continental neighbours who, possessing far more than we of the old Latin civic tradition, know how to make a seemly and sociable affair of town life; and what also we can use of the rich old country habit of England, to enrich our cities. And next time you sing the lines of 'Jerusalem' which the poet Blake wrote a hundred-and-thirty years ago, just when the industrial revolution was beginning, think if you can what the poet really meant.

Land, Air and Water of Britain

The British Isles, a Geographic and Economic Survey. By L. D. Stamp and S. H. Beaver. Longmans. 25s.

THIS VOLUME of over seven hundred pages is a notable one. It has something of the appearance of a Commercial Geography, but it is a Commercial Geography with a purpose; purpose gives unity to any volume, but it is of special value in giving unity to Commercial Geography which tends to be extraordinarily scrappy. The purpose is stated shortly on the jacket, 'a stock-taking of national resources, their past and present utilisation, and the reserve for the future, arranged for the man in the street, the business man and the student'. The book is packed with information, up-to-date information presented in a scholarly way. It is not to be expected that the authors should have first-hand knowledge of all the matters of which they speak; any book of its kind is bound to owe much to the work of government and other departments, but in so far as it partakes of the nature of a compilation it is as good as a compilation can be, and it is much more than a compilation. Nearly every chapter has a note to the effect that it has been submitted to an expert or to experts in the subject, so that the information is authoritative in a high degree. And the idea of stock-taking is interpreted in a very wide sense. An account of the people of the British Isles, for example, begins at the termination of the Ice Age and goes on to summarise the movements of peoples to and in the British Isles through the Bronze Age to Roman and later times.

The book begins with a very able summary in something under a hundred pages of what might be called the physical basis on which the rest is built. The first chapter deals with the position of Britain; this is probably the least satisfactory in the book; it emphasises the importance of Britain at the centre of the land hemisphere; it is true that the British Isles are at the centre of the land hemisphere, but whether that has anything

to do with the importance of Britain is another matter; the unexpressed assumption is that routes come from all directions to Britain, and as a matter of fact, they do not. The map on page 4 showing great circle routes from America to Britain is also most unsatisfactory; a much more suitable projection might have been employed to bring out the facts. But once the first chapter is past criticism falls away. The physiographic history and the physiography of the British Isles are treated succinctly and clearly in two chapters. These are followed by another on British weather and climate in which the authors have had valued advice and criticism from Dr. Glasspoole, the secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society. Then with a chapter on the inland waters begins the real review of the resources of the British Isles. With Dr. Stamp as the secretary of the Land Utilisation Survey it is not to be wondered at that we have next a really adequate study of the Cinderella of British Industries, agriculture. Indeed, including soils and forestry, one-fifth of the whole book is given to matters agricultural and much the largest chapter in the book, sixty-seven pages, bears the title 'Agriculture'. Then follow fisheries, coal, other mining industries, iron and steel, secondary iron and steel industries, non-ferrous metal industries, woollen, cotton and other textiles, chemical industries and miscellaneous manufactures, most of them from the pen of Mr. Beaver. Population, settlement, Communications, London, industrial regions of Ireland, sea ports, foreign trade are dealt with in subsequent chapters, and the book concludes with a summary chapter by Sir Josiah Stamp on the national capital in which the outstanding importance of agriculture is again evident. There is a good index and the book is remarkably free from misprints.

J. FAIRGRIEVE

The Group Movement

By JOHN MAUD

The recent correspondence in 'The Times' on the Group Movement, and the announcement of the forthcoming campaign in London, has stirred up considerable interest in its aims and activities. We have asked the Dean of University College, Oxford, to describe and assess its chief characteristics

IT is not easy to say exactly what the Group Movement is. Even its name has become a subject of controversy. Whenever someone attaches a label to it, someone else indignantly tears the label off; and, indeed, most of the usual descriptions of it are question-begging and inaccurate. It may or may not be a 'movement of the Spirit': presumably no one alive today can tell. It is not specifically 'Oxford' or 'Cambridge', though several of its leaders and (at a rough guess) some four hundred of its adherents are at the present time connected with one or other of those universities, and both Oxford and Cambridge are favourite sites for the holding of 'House Parties' (at which much of the Groups' work is done), for the same obvious reasons of convenience which nowadays bring innumerable conferences of every description to Oxford and Cambridge each year.

No Sect, No Doctrine

Its friends are misleading when they call it the 'Oxford' Group Movement, but its critics are probably no more accurate when they call it 'Buchmanite'. Dr. Frank Buchman is certainly the founder of the movement, and he still provides an element of incalculable importance in the leadership of it; but in my judgment there is no comparison between his position and that occupied (for instance) by the late Mary Baker Eddy in the organisation and progress of Christian Science. Other personalities, very different from Dr. Buchman, have played and are playing with more and more effect, their several parts in spreading the Movement and planning its growth.

Again, it is claimed on behalf of the Movement that it is not a sect, that it has no humanly conceived plan or organisation, and no specific doctrine. Certainly there is no formal membership or written constitution, and financial statements are never issued—not (I am convinced) because the Groups wish to conceal anything, nor yet because their well-wishers do not contribute generously, but because one of the fundamental characteristics of the Movement is its distaste for anything that presupposes or even suggests the exercise of human reason. The Movement, in fact, is still far from being a stereotyped religious organisation, and whatever form it may actually have, its leaders are anxious not to emphasise the details of its structure. Consequently, when one is asked to give a balanced assessment of its worth, one hardly knows where to start.

The Essence of the Groups' Appeal—

The Groups are seen at their best in the direct appeal that they sometimes make to particular individuals. That appeal, when translated out of the jargon which at their worst the Groups are all too ready to employ, seems to run as follows: 'You have a great responsibility—to be more honest, pure, loving and unselfish than you have ever before believed possible, and to help everyone you meet to do likewise. You have all the power you need to discharge both of these functions. The choice, whether to use or not to use that power, is open, and no one can make it for you; but the difference between a right and a wrong choice is enormous. Further, this state of crisis is permanent; every moment of every day the choice has to be made, however trivial or however tremendous the matter in hand may seem. I can tell you very little, except in the most general terms, either about your responsibilities or about the power of discharging them; but here are some instances which have occurred in my experience . . . ; and for the rest I can only advise you to read your Bible; take an hour or so each morning over your prayers; be prepared to change your

way of life, in whole or in part, whenever you think you ought to; at some date in the immediate future (and from time to time, as opportunities occur) get up and tell the other members of whatever Group you join what your personal experiences have been, just as I am telling you now'.

When an appeal of this kind is made persistently (in the atmosphere of excitement, friendliness and optimism which without doubt some 'House Parties' and other Group Meetings create), it naturally meets with a response from some people, especially from those who have never heard such an appeal before (because they have never been to church) and from those who have heard the same kind of appeal so often that they have forgotten what it means and are now suddenly reminded by the novelty of its presentation. The consequence is that a number of people go away unquestionably the better for their contact with the Groups, and lead a life which has more sense of purpose and usefulness and is therefore infinitely happier than it was before.

—And Its Fundamental Defects

That there have been good results is proof that there are individual saints to be found among the Groupers, and that the method of the Groups is sometimes, and for some people, extremely helpful. But the first trouble is that a great many Groupers who are not saints think that they are—though they may never give the thought expression except by saying that they have surrendered to Christ and are now living under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit. And the second trouble is probably more serious still, for it means that Groupers endanger other souls than their own. Sometimes, and for some people, the method of the Groups is more than unhelpful, and people are so repelled by it that they decide not only against the Groups but against any form of religion or morality. Such an utterly inadequate view of God, and man, and the good life is often presented or implied by Groupers that people who might in the end have become Christians are permanently alienated from Christianity in any shape or form. The question which therefore requires an answer is this: are the individual instances of failure due to fundamental defects in the Group Movement, and if so what are these defects? My answer is Yes; the defects are lack of humility and contempt of the reason.

One of the fundamental paradoxes of Christianity is the doctrine that complete faith in the power of Christ and in the universal nature of His Spirit must go side by side with complete humility concerning one's own particular vision and method; the one is simply unchristian without the other. Groupers have complete faith in the omnipotence of Christ, but they assume that their own personal understanding of Christ is correct and accordingly have complete faith in that. Again, they are convinced that Christ's appeal is universal, but they assume that their method of presenting what they believe to be Christ's appeal is the presentation of Christ's appeal, and consequently assert the universal applicability of their method. In other words, they lack humility and therefore claim direct and infallible inspiration. Further, they are so impatient with anything traditional that they reject one of the few objective tests which can be applied in considering the genuineness of 'guidance', namely, the accumulated experience of the past. Nor do they seem interested in that other touchstone by which a particular person's interpretation of the Bible can sometimes be tested, I mean modern scholarship. In fact, the words of Hooker, written over three hundred years ago, seem hardly inappropriate: 'When they and their Bibles were alone together, what strange fantastical opinion soever

at any time entered their heads, their use was to think the Spirit taught it them'.

Difficulty of Co-operating with the Groups

Their lack of humility tends to make co-operation with Groupers extremely difficult. They not only feel that their method of work is universally applicable, but they usually assume that when someone refuses to join them, the sole cause is that person's wickedness, and that anyone who dares to criticise them is almost certainly fighting against God, unless he first becomes a Grouper himself. It may be true that some people who would be the better for joining the Groups decide not to do so because of some criticism of the Movement that they hear made: that is perhaps one of the reasons why people who feel critical stay away from the 'House Parties'. But it cannot be a valid reason for ruling out criticism altogether; and when a group of persons hedge themselves round with the conviction that if anyone outside the group offers criticism, 'he only does it to annoy', that group is surely in some danger of becoming a mutual admiration society. For the same reason the Movement does not always avoid the temptation of saying to the Churches and anyone else who seems to be working in the same field but will not identify himself unreservedly with the Groups: 'Come in and join us. If you do not, well—look out: we shall form a sect of our own, and it will be your fault'. This is simply blackmail, of a particularly unpleasant kind, and of course the best of the Groupers would never think of employing it deliberately; but its use is one of the evil consequences which follow almost inevitably when people start claiming to be infallible.

The Refusal to Think

The other great defect of the Movement is its refusal to think. This is the more serious as lack of humility prevents it from making any such admission as this: 'We know the first commandment tells us to love God with all our mind, as well as with the rest of our nature; but our particular function as Groupers is to concentrate on helping certain individuals, whose chief difficulties are not intellectual but moral, through the first stages of the Christian life; we are specialists, and we leave to others more competent than ourselves the extremely important work of thinking out the implications of the Christian gospel, in so far as they can be thought out, and of helping the people whose difficulties are anyhow partly intellectual'. Instead, they tend to assume that intellectual difficulties are merely signs of sin; they are content to say that if we were all Christians, all problems—national and international, economic, social and political—would be solved, and unconsciously to deny the obvious fact that anyone who proposes to be a Christian, especially if he or she happens to have the luck to be given a good education, has a heavy responsibility to do some hard and continuous thinking about particular social problems and to remain dissatisfied with vague generalisation. Of course thinking about problems is not enough; but unless one assumes that the heart and the head are two separate things, it seems hardly credible that a real change of heart can have occurred if the head remains as muddled and self-satisfied as it was before. Contempt of reason and lack of humility are the two root causes, I believe, of the Group Movement's present limitations; at any rate they go far to explain the dangerous incompleteness of some Groupers' conception of the good life.

The method of the Groups encourages the individual to think and to say that his own life has been changed, and that he has changed the lives of others; he is not encouraged to say that he is determined that such changes shall take place and believes that they will. But how can the individual human creature, however honest he may wish to be and whatever particular temptations may seem to have been overcome, know that his life has been changed, especially if he is quite uninterested in the criticism of anyone who is not a Grouper? Even if his way of life has been changed, can it be assumed that the change is for the better, especially when he seems to be quite uninterested in such sins as self-deception and superficiality, or in such good things as the creation of works of art and the disinterested pursuit of truth? Certainly the Group

Movement exposes its members to quite unnecessary danger and fails to warn them of the risks they run, simply (I think) because it is too proud either to think for itself or to learn lessons from history.

It must therefore answer for such instances of failure as these: the inconsiderateness and unreliability of some Groupers; the impertinent conceit of others; and the superficiality of those who judge by quantity rather than quality, who make the truth ultimately more difficult to discover by crude oversimplification of the issues, who ride rough-shod over their own finer feelings and the finer feelings of others in their passion for getting quick results, and who assume that a bishop is more worth converting than a curate, a duke than a commoner, and a good-looking man than a plain-looking man.

The Movement's Possibilities for Good

I have made these criticisms because I believe that the courage and disinterestedness and the fine intentions of the Group Movement, which constitute its real strength, are not enough to make its weaknesses unimportant. It must be judged, however, not on its past record but on promise, for it is essentially a young Movement, whose future is still undetermined; its faults and its virtues are chiefly significant as indications of what is to be feared or hoped from it.

If it refuses to learn from history and tradition, or to co-operate except on its own terms, it may easily prove to have done more harm than good. But if it recognises its present limitations; and tries to surmount them (by humility in the first place and hard thinking in the second), there is no saying how important and powerful an influence for good it may not become. There is no reason why the Groups should not eventually recognise themselves, and be recognised and welcomed by the Churches, as a kind of mobile flying squad, with a technique of their own (though by no means identical with that which they employ at present), and a particular function, namely that of firing people with a desire to lead the Christian life, and so introducing, or reintroducing, them to their Church.

Meanwhile, if I were asked my advice by the man in the street, I should say: Take the first opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Groups at first hand. If you cannot respond to their appeal, do not be offended or imagine that Christianity is necessarily either narrow, irrational or cocksure. If you do respond, go through with it and do not regard membership of the Groups as an end in itself.

The autumn publishing season has produced a good crop of new and cheap editions. Most of the regular libraries have been enlarged: the Swan Library (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) by Richard Jefferies' *Story of My Heart*; the Faber Library (Faber, 3s. 6d.) by A. G. Street's *Farmer's Glory* and P. G. Wodehouse's *Louder and Funnier*; the Olympus Library (Howe, 4s. 6d.) by Count Harry Kessler's *Walther Rathenau*; the Life and Letters Series (Cape, 4s. 6d.) by Henry Williamson's *Village Book*; the Everyman Library (Dent, 2s.) by Pushkin's *Captain's Daughter and Other Tales*, Zola's *Germinal*, *Plays by Webster and Ford*; the Temple Dramatists (Dent, 1s. 6d.); by Webster's *White Devil* and Congreve's *Way of the World*; the Crown Library (Constable, 5s.) by Bernadet the Troubadour's *Flamenco*, translated from the Provençal by H. F. M. Prescott; and the Evergreen Series (Longmans, 5s.) by E. F. Benson's *Charlotte Brontë*. The latest of Dent's Double Volumes (5s. each) are Tennyson's *Poems*, Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (one volume, Urquhart and Mortoux' translation) and the *Plays of Euripides* (various translators). *The Waves* and *Orlando* have been added to the uniform edition of Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press, 5s. each); V. Sackville-West's poem *Sissinghurst*, originally published by the Hogarth Press, has now been reprinted in a fine edition signed by the author, by the Samson Press (price 5s.); D. H. Lawrence's *Love Among the Haystacks*—containing a short novel, a short story, two autobiographical sketches and a reminiscence of Lawrence by David Garnett—first issued by the Nonesuch Press in a limited edition, now appears from Secker (price 6s.); and H. M. Tomlinson's *Old Junk* (Cape, 7s. 6d.), C. E. M. Joad's *Essays in Common Sense Philosophy* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), and J. D. M. Rorke's *Musical Pilgrim's Progress* (Oxford University Press, 6s.) all appear in revised and enlarged editions. And a very noteworthy issue is that of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's trilogy on *Garibaldi*, now published for the first time in one volume (Longmans, 8s. 6d.) with a new short preface in which the author distinguishes between the historian and the biographer.



Settlers and natives in the new town of Sydney

From '*Voyages aux terres Australes*', by Péron (1800)

The Commonwealth of Nations—II

The Second British Empire

By Professor R. COUPLAND

THE loss of our American Colonies was the most damaging and humiliating event that had yet happened in British history: and the statesmen of Continental Europe were pleasantly convinced that the proud victor of the Seven Years War had now been reduced for ever to the rank of a second-rate power. Our ancestors did not agree. Their attitude on the morrow of the disaster was exemplified by a speech made by a young Member of Parliament, William Pitt, Chatham's son, who was about to become Prime Minister at the astonishing age of 24. 'Let us examine what is left', he said, 'with a manly and determined courage. . . . The misfortunes of individuals and of kingdoms that are laid open and examined with true wisdom are more than half redressed'.

Suppose that we take that as our text here, and ask ourselves first, what *was* left, and secondly, what *was* true wisdom?

Apart from strategic posts like Gibraltar and territories in tropical and sub-tropical countries like India, West Africa and the West Indies, there remained of the overseas Empire after the great schism of 1783 not only Ireland, but also Canada. Naturally the Americans had wanted their Revolution to cover the whole of British North America, including the great tract in the north which had recently been annexed from France, and they had appealed to the French Canadians to make common cause with them and throw off the chains of British tyranny. But, even when an American army invaded Canada, the great mass of the French Canadians refused to rise against their rulers, mainly because they had found British government to be the very opposite of tyrannical. In those days it would have been natural for a conquering state to try to eliminate the nationality of the conquered and to force them into its own national mould: and that is what a handful of British immigrants into Canada demanded. But the home Government, realising that their primary object must be to try to reconcile those conquered French Canadians to British rule, realised also, very wisely, that the only way to do that was to treat their 'nationality', their language, their law, and above all, their Catholic religion, with the fullest sympathy and toleration. This they did. And that was why Canada was left inside the Empire after 1783. It is worth noting, as we pass on, that that tolerant treatment of the French Canadians points forward to what was to become a salient feature of the new Empire as we know it now. It was not to be a close, exclusive racial or national corporation from which, so to speak, all but pure Britons were barred: it was to be a commonwealth in which, besides individual immigrants from foreign countries, different national groups might live together on a footing of freedom and equality—not only French Canadians, but Dutch South Africans, and Irishmen.

That piece of the first Empire that was left in Canada was not the only ground available for building up a second. By the strangest of chances, as it seems, a great new field was acquired for British colonisation at the other end of the world. Before the American Revolution British convicts (many of whom, we must remember, had been convicted for political agitation or for what we should now treat as quite minor offences) were 'transported' to serve their sentences in the American colonies. After the Revolution, of course, that was impossible, and British ministers looked desperately round the world to find a suitable spot for a penal settlement. Now it happened that a vast new continent had recently attracted attention in Europe. Nobody

knew much about it, but Captain Cook had recently surveyed its coast. The climate, it seemed, was healthy. The primitive native inhabitants were few and feeble. So, since no other place seemed available, the Government decided to try the experiment of sending the convicts to Botany Bay. Free settlers followed the convicts and soon greatly outnumbered them. They spread out along the coast and inland. The making of Australia had begun.

The result of the war with Napoleon confirmed this British hold on Australia, and led to the British occupation of New Zealand, yet another field of Empire. If Napoleon had won the war, if he had succeeded in wresting from Britain the command of the sea, Australasia would have become French. As an incident of the Napoleonic War, moreover, Britain had taken over, by occupation and purchase, the colony which the Dutch had established in the seventeenth century near the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa. Ireland and Canada, then, were 'left' after 1783, and new fields in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were acquired.

Now what about 'true wisdom'? I gave you the key to it last week. It lies in the word 'equality'. On any other basis the Second Empire was bound sooner or later to collapse like the first. Sentiment alone, however strong, or material advantages, however great, would not avail in the long run to keep the overseas communities united with the mother country if it meant that Canadians or Australians and so on were never to possess the full measure of British liberty, to be second-class British citizens, to be somehow inferior to or dependent on Englishmen at home.

Nowhere was the adoption of this principle more essential than in Ireland; and at first sight it might seem as if the new policy of Union, adopted by Pitt in 1800, was in accordance with it. Union meant that the Irish would lose their separate Parliament, but would send their representatives instead to the United Kingdom Parliament at Westminster. Union was the method which had been applied to Scotland nearly a century earlier, and with wonderful success. Scotsmen remained Scotsmen (they still are), but, without losing their national character, they had taken their share with Englishmen and Welshmen in the common life of Britain. Why did not Union have the same result in Ireland? Perhaps the gulf between the islands was too deep to be thus bridged: but in any case the Irish Union started with a fatal flaw. Pitt realised that it would not mean equality for Ireland unless the Irish Catholics, three-quarters of the people, were given equal rights with Protestants. But so strong was the old fear of having Catholics in Parliament that this concession was not made for nearly thirty years. And by then the hatred of the Union among the mass of Catholic Irishmen had become implacable. So, despite the efforts made to undo the past, to remove the relics of the old British 'ascendancy', to make the Irish really equal with the British in religious and cultural freedom as well as in politics or trade, nevertheless, right on through the nineteenth century the leaders of Irish nationalism—O'Connell, Parnell, Redmond—continued to demand the repeal of the Union and the restoration of an Irish Parliament for Irish business, or 'Home Rule'. If Ireland had been one united nation, the demand would probably have been granted. But a quarter of her people, the Protestant Irish, refused to be subjected to a Catholic Irish Parliament. Freedom

to them meant staying in the Union. On that rock all efforts to solve the problem of Irish nationalism split. At the opening of this century the problem was still acute.

Now let us go back to Canada—a rather more cheerful scene. The Canadian story opens in 1791, when Parliament enacted a constitution for the two Canadian provinces, Lower Canada (which corresponds to the present Quebec) where most of the French Canadians lived, and Upper Canada (which corresponds

had broken out in Canada. They were feeble rebellions, supported only by extremists, and easily suppressed. But their significance was grave. It looked as if a drift had begun towards a second American Revolution. And indeed, if nothing had been done, the Second Empire would probably have suffered the fate of the first. But the British Government had a happy inspiration. They asked the Earl of Durham to go to Canada as Governor-General with a special commission to report on the situation and recommend how it should be dealt with. Now Durham, proud though he was of his rank and title, was more advanced than the Whigs: he belonged to a little group of Radicals on their left. 'Radical Jack' he was called by the miners who worked his coal mines in County Durham. He had been a member of the Whig Government of 1830, and one of the chief authors of the Reform Bill. His weakness was his delicate health. On that account it was only with hesitation that he accepted the call to Canada. He was right to hesitate. He never recovered from the strain of his mission. Within two years of his return home he died at the age of forty-eight. 'Canada', he said on his deathbed, 'will one day do justice to my memory'.

He prophesied truly. Not Canada only, but the whole Commonwealth of Nations stand on the foundations laid in Durham's brilliant Report on his mission. It established two basic principles. First, it revived the doctrine of assimilation. Canadians, said Durham, must be governed in the same way as Englishmen. The trouble in Canada had been mainly due to the inadequacy of Representative Government by itself. The Canadian people could control the legislative but could not control the executive. Its members were appointed by the Governor, and being responsible only to him, remained in office even when they were not supported

by the majority in the Assembly (which corresponded to our House of Commons). The time had come, said Durham, to add responsible government to representative government, to make the Executive responsible, not to the Governor, but to the Assembly, to adopt the system which was now operating in England—assimilation.

Today this solution of the problem sounds obvious and easy, but at the time—nearly a hundred years ago—it presented one



Different civilisations that came under the Second British Empire on terms of equality: the French of Old Quebec—

to Ontario) into which several thousand British colonists had migrated from the south because they opposed the American Revolution and desired to remain in the Empire—'United Empire Loyalists' they were called. Naturally they asked for 'British liberty' and naturally it was granted them. The constitution of 1791 gave them representative government, which meant that their elected representatives could make laws for the province in a Parliament of their own. That was all they wanted at the time, but there was nothing new in it. The old American colonies had possessed representative government before the Revolution. What was new—rather startlingly new—was the purpose behind it, as expressed by Pitt and other ministers. It was an attempt, they said, to assimilate the constitution of Canada to that of Britain: it was the nearest approach to it that was practicable at the moment; but the colonists could look forward to obtaining the same constitution 'when' (I quote the actual words spoken in the Commons) 'increased population and time shall have made them ripe to receive it'. The first Governor of Upper Canada, Simcoe, drove the point home. Only by the sharing of British liberty, he said, could the 'great experiment' succeed of keeping the Canadian colonies from following the example of the lost thirteen.

We must not exaggerate the importance of 1791. Pitt and his friends were only meeting the needs of their day. They were not looking far ahead. They did not even contemplate the very next stage in the process of assimilation, or imagine how difficult it would prove to be. Nevertheless, they had discovered this saving secret. They had realised that in the long run Canadians must be equal with Englishmen. And that, as we know now even better than they did then, was the truest wisdom.

Forty years go by, darkened by the conflict with the French Revolution and Napoleon—a period of war and reaction in which the colonial problem fades into the background and the new doctrine of assimilation is shelved and forgotten. And then a new age begins. In 1830 the Whigs turn out the Tories and consolidate their position by the Reform Act of 1832: they are followed by a younger school of Conservatives; and these in turn by Liberals, and so on into the well-known Victorian politics. Early in this new age the colonial question was forced once more to the front. In 1837, the very first year of the young Queen's reign, the alarming news arrived that armed rebellion



—and the Boer of South Africa

From 'The Universal History of the World' (The Amalgamated Press)

serious difficulty. The government of a colony, said the critics, was controlled by the Imperial Government through the Secretary of State, from whom the Governor received his instructions. But if responsible government were introduced, if the Governor acted on the advice of ministers responsible to the Assembly, that meant that the final authority would shift from England to the Canadian electorate, and that surely meant that Canada would become a separate, independent State. Such criticism would not alarm us nowadays: we have learned that independence need not involve separation; we know that no academic disquisitions on the nature of sovereignty can break up the British Commonwealth if it wants to hold together. But in Durham's day it was a serious crux, and fortunately Durham

devised a means of getting round it. He proposed to divide the field of government. All the Canadians wanted, he said, was the full control of their own domestic affairs. They would gladly leave the control of external affairs—the most important of which were foreign policy, defence and overseas trade—to Imperial authority, acting through the Secretary of State and the Governor.

That argument, at the time, was sound; and it prevailed. From 1845 onwards the Governors of the Canadian colonies were instructed to appoint ministers responsible to their Assemblies. In 1849, Lord Elgin, Durham's son-in-law, who understood as well as Durham the Canadian mind, boldly refused, as Governor, to veto a bill which, though it was highly controversial and might seem to involve imperial interests, was backed by the Canadian ministers and the majority of the Assembly. His action was upheld in the British Parliament. Thenceforward the principle of responsible government in the colonies was secure. The most awkward point in the whole process of assimilation had now been safely passed.

Now for the second part of Durham's policy. One of the things that most impressed him in Canada was the difference between the two sides of the frontier—on the south, the young American Republic, prosperous, energetic, self-confident, fast spreading west across the continent, inspired with a faith in its great national destiny; on the north, a group of disjointed British colonies, backward and rather disheartened, beginning to wonder, some of them, if the old American colonies had not been wise to break away. To Durham the remedy was obvious. This sense of an inferior status, of a less ambitious future, must be removed. 'You must raise up', he said, 'for the North American colonist some nationality of his own'. He must look forward to a destiny that is not colonial merely but national. And to that end the colonies must be united to form the political framework of a nation.

That second great idea was also realised. As a beginning, in 1840, Upper and Lower Canada were made one province. In 1867—a federal rather than a unitary system having been decided on—Canada was re-divided into Ontario and Quebec and grouped with the Maritime Provinces in a national federation, called the Dominion of Canada. As in the United States, so now in the Dominion, as new lands westwards were opened up and settled, they became new provinces of the Federation. Manitoba in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1905. Thus, in the early years of this century, Durham's dream had become true. The Dominion of Canada had become a nation of over seven million citizens, bridging America from Atlantic to Pacific. Newfoundland, lying so close to Canada, might have shared in her national destiny if she had wished. But the old colony, the oldest British colony, preferred to remain, as she still remains, alone, associated with the Dominions, but without their full national status.

If I deal more briefly with the other Dominions it is not because their history is less interesting—far from it—but because the constitutional development I am describing, the process of assimilation and the growth of nationhood, took much the same course in the other Dominions as in Canada, and it would be tedious to explain it at the same length.

By the middle of the nineteenth century all the broad, fertile coast-belt of Australia, except in the tropical north, as well as the adjacent island of Tasmania, had been colonised, and by 1860 it had been divided into six 'states', as they were called—New South Wales, the parent-state, Queensland north of it, Victoria and South Australia and Tasmania below it, and Western Australia on the other side of the continent. By that date, also, responsible government had been established in all the States except Western Australia, which was not ripe for it till 1890. In this respect the lead given in Canada had been quickly followed; but for various reasons the achievement of national unity took much longer. It was not till 1900 that the Australian people, over four million strong by then, obtained a national system of government by the federation of the States in the Commonwealth of Australia.

New Zealand, so much smaller than Australia, had always

been more united. Indeed, the federal constitution adopted in 1852—with responsible government, as in Australia—was replaced in 1876 by a unitary constitution akin to that of Britain. But, united in herself, New Zealand had no wish to be united with Australia, 1,200 miles away. She rejected a suggestion that she might enter the Australian federation. The Dominion of New Zealand, with its population attaining a million at the beginning of the century, remained a separate nation, akin to Canada and Australia, yet distinct from them.

In South Africa, the last to join our company of nations, the pace of development was slower. In the first place, the grant of responsible government was delayed in the old Cape Colony till 1872, and the younger British colony of Natal till 1893, mainly because of difficulties arising from the problem of the native races which filled, and still fills, the background of South African life. Secondly, mainly owing to the same native problem, the unity of South Africa—which is as naturally a single economic and political area as Australia—

was broken by the secession of many of the Boers (as the farmers descended from the earliest Dutch colonists were called) from Cape Colony, and their creation of separate Republics, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, in the interior. For nearly seventy years South Africa was thus divided—seventy years of tension and mutual distrust and sometimes open conflict between the kindred Dutch and British who had made South Africa their home. Then, in 1899, came the final struggle, the long and hard-fought Anglo-Boer War. Whatever the rights and wrongs of it, that war resulted in the restoration of South African unity; and much of the inevitable bitterness it caused was assuaged by the quick grant, in 1906, of responsible government to the annexed republics. Thenceforward Dutch South Africans, like French Canadians, shared the full liberty of their British fellow-countrymen, and, only two years later, the two peoples voluntarily came together to make the Union of South Africa. The choice of the unitary rather than the federal form of government was significant. It showed that Dutch and British were determined, while faithful each to their own heritage of speech and culture, to bury the old feud and work together for the making of one South African nation.

There were five Dominions, then, at the end of the first decade of the present century—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland—each of them conscious of its own national individuality, yet members all of one greater Empire; but members, not yet partners; and of an Empire still, not a Commonwealth. For the process of assimilation was not yet complete. We left it, as I said above, in Durham's day with the Canadians obtaining responsible government and about to exercise it not merely on a colonial, but on a national scale. But we left it still restricted in its scope. Certain fields of major importance were reserved to imperial control. Next week I will try to explain how the Dominions occupied those fields also, and so attained a final and complete equality with Britain in the Commonwealth of Nations as we know it now.



Equality of black and white in the British Empire—a lesson in pictures

Governor Davey's proclamation to the aborigines of Tasmania in 1816 gave the natives a pictorial statement of the policy of friendship that he intended to institute between blacks and whites, based on equal justice to both races

From Dilke's 'Greater Britain,' 1848

Scouting is a training for the right use of leisure', says Mr. E. E. Reynolds in the opening sentence of his pamphlet on *Scouting and Leisure* (Boy Scouts Association, 6d.). He deprecates the mistake of 'equating leisure pursuits with handicrafts', and thinking that 'the salvation of mankind depends on everyone making, say, leather handbags', but proceeds to show the value of training such as the scout obtains immediately on joining his Patrol. '... it is not much use being a Peewit and thinking it looks like a Sparrow and makes a noise like a Woodpigeon!' The leisure occupations which the booklet deals with, such as mountaineering, archæology, gardening, photography, and music, are related by the Chief Scout, in his foreword, to the enforced idleness which exists in such a large measure today. 'How to prepare our future men to employ their enforced leisure happily for themselves and usefully for the nation', he says, 'is a problem which is being tackled by many. In the Scout movement we are endeavouring to do our bit in this direction'. This 'bit' is admirably elaborated in Mr. Reynolds' pamphlet.

The Civil Service—I

The Civil Service from Without

A Discussion between SIR ERNEST SIMON and J. A. CRABTREE

SIR ERNEST SIMON: I suppose the aspect in which some of us first think of the Civil Service is as tax-collectors. It is not particularly popular in that capacity. Even so, nobody doubts that the tax-collectors are completely just and that they do their job well. They make tax evasion difficult, and there is less of it in this country probably than in any other.

J. A. CRABTREE: Yes, I agree that they do that unpleasant job pretty well. Since the War they have established a new type of torture chamber in which the gentle public meekly submit to the thumbscrew, which is twisted with great politeness. Still you can't resent it, if you think of the tragic procession of the unemployed outside the Labour Exchanges.

SIR E. S.: Yes. Perhaps my experience in Manchester has been the most interesting of all. It has left me with a most profound admiration for the detailed work of our various Civil Services. The Board of Education gives us a good deal of help in Manchester through its inspectors and in other ways, and keeps what I believe to be a salutary control over the local administration and expenditure everywhere. The Ministry of Health has done a great deal in the last twenty or thirty years to help local authorities to improve the health of the country. Sir George Newman's report, published the other day, shows how much has been done and gives some idea of how much useful help the Civil Servants have given in preventing illness and saving life.

J. A. C.: I haven't so intimate an experience of such Services. **SIR E. S.:** What about your experience as a business man, as a manufacturer?

J. A. C.: Ah, there the Civil Service are always with us. Inland Revenue, Customs and Excise, Factory Inspection, Labour Exchanges, Board of Trade, and a few more I have forgotten for the moment. My view is that they are only now in these latter days beginning to learn their real function, which is no longer that of policemen and inquisitors, but of teachers. The older branches of the Civil Service are learning it fast; the newer branches haven't begun to think of it as yet.

SIR E. S.: Isn't there another function of the Civil Service which is perhaps akin to that of teacher, and is equally important? They have to do the thinking for our politicians. I expect you will agree that a good deal more of this thinking is needed. One of the outstanding features of our civilisation today is the success of industry in producing whatever we need cheaply, and the failure of the political and economic control of our civilisation. The reason seems to me simple. In industry we use the methods of science; in politics we don't. Democracy, unfortunately, elects not thinkers, but talkers. Once they are elected and become members of the House of Commons they spend eight hours a day hanging about the House of Commons, a place in which one can neither rest nor work. There is constant pressure to do jobs for constituents of one sort and another; there is constant pressure to devote oneself unthinkingly to one's party. Real hard thinking about the frightfully difficult problems of democracy are impossible for a Member of Parliament.

J. A. C.: It all sounds very terrible. Thinking more and more about less and less until eventually your Member of Parliament thinks all the time about nothing at all. Do the Ministers do any better?

SIR E. S.: On the contrary, their position is far worse. They have all the troubles of the Member of Parliament; they are also Members of the Cabinet and have to be prepared to take responsible decisions on every vital matter that arises; and in addition to that, they have a job in running their department that requires several hours a day. Every Minister is, after the first few weeks, overdriven and tired. It is absolutely impossible for any Minister to do any serious thinking.

J. A. C.: I follow the process. Parliament ceases to think. Ministers cease to think. Therefore Civil Servants must be allowed to think. It seems to me that they are already doing some furious thinking on their own account, and not stopping at thinking either.

SIR E. S.: I don't want them to. Does it not come down to this, that there is a sort of a conflict between liberty, as we have been accustomed to conceive it, and efficiency, which we more and more demand, in government as in everything else? My

feeling is that we have got to use the Civil Service more than we do for the purpose of getting necessary things done and that we can still retain enough safeguards, and pretty effective ones, too, for our liberties.

J. A. C.: My trouble is that I see the Civil Service passing through a very great change. The Staffs—the officials—are taking the place of Parliament and of Government, and are in process of becoming the whole Government themselves.

SIR E. S.: That is impossible. Moreover, I don't believe the Civil Service have any such intention. So far as my experience goes they are able, hard-working, have the highest possible traditions of service, are quite incorruptible, and are fully aware of the limits of their authority.

J. A. C.: I think a great change began to come in the Civil Service when the higher ranks began to be filled by men who had been selected years before on the basis of their brains and ability, and not upon the accident of their birth. Gradually the Civil Service have become staffed in the higher ranks with some of the best brains we have in this country, each selected carefully after receiving the highest education that this country can give. These men have now risen to the highest ranks in the Service. They have assimilated the traditions of an older Service, and brought to their office great capacity and energy, and no slight degree of idealism. I think you will agree with me thus far.

SIR E. S.: Certainly.

J. A. C.: Let me take you another step. In the last thirty years there has been something very near to a revolution in the creation of huge social services, and the process of change has been speeded up by the War. This has produced great problems of administration, and one consequence has been that Parliament has begun a practice of giving powers of legislation, and indeed powers closely akin to judicial powers, to various branches of the Civil Service.

SIR E. S.: I suppose you refer to the practice of issuing rules and regulations and the development of what Lord Hewart in his book has called the New Despotism?

J. A. C.: In part, yes. His complaint is not that rules and regulations are being made—but that they are made at such a stage, in such a form, and in such circumstances as to deprive at one and the same time both Parliament and the Law Courts of any real authority in relation to them. We are delivered over to the department. The department judges its own action, and the measure which produces these results is the handwork of the department.

SIR E. S.: This is what matters to you and me. That is a mare's nest. This whole subject of the so-called judicial and law-making powers of Government Departments was examined very thoroughly a year or so ago by a particularly strong and independent Committee—nine of them were Members of Parliament and six of them were lawyers; and this is what they said:

'We see nothing to justify any lowering of the country's high opinion of its Civil Service or any reflection on its sense of justice, or any ground for a belief that our constitutional machinery is developing in directions which are fundamentally wrong. We say deliberately that there is no ground for public fear, if the right precautions are taken.'

These powers are neither new nor, to my mind, dangerous. My view is that they are essential owing to the complexity of government. If there are any abuses, Parliament must and can easily develop machinery to control them.

J. A. C.: That may be so; but Parliament doesn't show signs of developing any machinery. My concern is not where we are at the moment, but where we are going, and you don't wholly reassure me. In any case, Lord Hewart's book, published in 1929, already needs a new chapter, for recent experience suggests that Parliament is now developing entirely new departments which will eventually supersede Parliament if the experiment continues to expand.

SIR E. S.: I don't see what you mean.

J. A. C.: You have already at least three of these experiments. The B.B.C., the Central Electricity Board and the London Passenger Transport Board. In the control of these you have the setting up of a new type of Civil Service, and I believe we are only at the beginning. In each of these Services great authority

is given to the principal officials with very little, if any, responsibility to Parliament for what they do.

SIR E. S.: I think you exaggerate. And surely you would admit that it would be a great mistake, for instance, for the B.B.C. to be under the close control of the Government of the day.

J. A. C.: That is debatable, but you have only to extend the same type of independent control to other phases of the social order, and you are likely to have very far-reaching consequences.

SIR E. S.: But you cannot extend the idea indefinitely; and for some purposes I should like to see it extended.

J. A. C.: I believe it could be extended to the Post Office tomorrow—to the Ministry of Transport, and to a host of Government Departments. You could extend it to the railways, to the mines, and indeed I can see no limit to the process short of the whole community being so controlled. We have at least three examples in seven years; how many shall we have in the next seven?

SIR E. S.: A good many, I hope.

J. A. C.: And where will that take us? Let me take the Central Electricity Board as a typical example. Its responsibility to Parliament is very vague; so also is its responsibility to those who are risking financing it. It comprises a most capable body of men, assisted by a very energetic staff of men who are planning for the future. At the present moment the Board desires greater powers, and we see those powers applied for in Parliament not by a Minister but by a private Member. I am not a lawyer, but it seems to me even here alone a most vital precedent is being established. Furthermore, once let Parliament grant to such an authority powers to legislate for itself, after the method of other departments, and you establish a new and peculiar situation, in which important sections of the community are at the mercy of an authority which is not responsible either to Parliament or the Law Courts.

SIR E. S.: That is all mere assumption.

J. A. C.: I can see distinct signs of this happening.

SIR E. S.: I disagree with you altogether. To my mind the appointed Boards are one of the most important inventions of the post-War period, and are by common consent working astonishingly well. There was no difference of opinion in Parliament about putting London Passenger Transport under a Board of this sort. It combines responsible management with ultimate (but not immediate and constant) Parliamentary control. If any of these Boards begin to do silly things Parliament can and will abolish them, or change their constitution at a few days' notice. Where is the danger in that?

J. A. C.: I see two serious dangers. First, if the successors to the present chiefs are men of lesser calibre. You may select capable men when you set up a Board: it may not be as easy to appoint their successors, and this type of administration essentially requires capable autocratic personalities for successful results. Second—and this is much more important in my opinion—its very success will lead to the application of the same idea elsewhere, and little by little the authority of Parliament will slip away. As I see it we are slowly evolving the Fascist State of which Lord Eustace Percy spoke, but on a new plan. We are not starting from the political end as in Germany, Italy or Russia, but starting to construct a Fascist State from the administrative end.

SIR E. S.: For a business man, you are stretching your argument too far.

J. A. C.: Not so very far. I am indicating a trend which I believe is fundamental in this new theory of administration—a trend whereby wide authority is to be vested in a very few men who are selected for their dominating personality and for their courageous and creative thought and given more power and independence of action combined with security of tenure than anyone in this country has enjoyed since the days of Cromwell. It is probably inevitable, but I do hope that Parliament will set its own affairs in order in the next few years, or we may both live to see the twilight of democracy.

SIR E. S.: Well, my dear Crabtree, leaving the Boards, you have been criticising the Civil Service on the ground that they are becoming despotic and exercising too much power. I want to attack them on the opposite ground, that they don't take enough initiative. As you know, the question of working-class housing has been a special hobby of mine. According to existing traditions the Civil Servant responsible for housing at the Ministry of Health is expected to be just as keen to cut down housing for one Minister as to expand it for another; to create new slums for one Minister as to abolish them for another. Compare this with a Medical Officer of Health who lives in constant contact with the slums. I think it is true to say that every Medical Officer of Health, knowing from personal contact the lives of the people in the slums, regards it as his aim in life to abolish the slums in his own city. If his City Council refuses to pursue the policy he advocates, he will, of course,

obey their directions, but he will do all he can to persuade them to follow his policy to abolish slums. I believe that the national Civil Servants in the Ministry of Health ought to have exactly the same tradition. They should, of course, carry out their Minister's policy, but it should be regarded as right and proper for them to have their own views and to endeavour to persuade their Minister to adopt them.

J. A. C.: I am rather surprised to hear that. I should have thought it the usual course. Certainly I can't imagine some of the Civil Servants who at this moment come to my mind remaining silent and withholding their views from any Minister.

SIR E. S.: You must recognise the Service traditions wherein the Minister decides policy and the Service loyally do as the Ministers direct. The object of the Civil Service ought not to be to pamper Ministers, but to serve the public. I should also like to see more Civil Servants at the top with more time to think. There are thousands of very able men thinking and researching about science and industry, although science and industry are doing very well. There are almost none spending their whole time thinking and studying the problems of politics and economics, although politically and economically we are failing so disastrously that civilisation is threatened. Somehow or other the Civil Service must have time for planning ahead. There is far more need for planning than is generally realised. Take one problem: Greater London has about nine million inhabitants, and grows and grows. All planners agree that it is too big. On account of high land values and heavy transport costs, the problem of abolishing London's slums is probably insoluble. Industry continues to drift southward and London continues to grow. The fundamental town-planning problem of the next few decades is whether we are going to allow our depressed areas to get more depressed, our swollen London to become more swollen, or to build garden cities and get a good distribution of industry. This is obviously one of the fundamental planning questions, and yet there is no Government organ to think about it. What we want is more Civil Servants of the best type, not only for the administration of this problem, but architects, engineers, town-planners, economists.

J. A. C.: I can give you another problem. Why can't we plan for employment? I believe we could do much more than we do in solving the unemployment problem by relating prices, wages, hours of labour, education of children, and pensions for the older folk, into one complete comprehensive plan to reduce unemployment. I believe it could be done if only there was a national will to cure unemployment, and a capable body of men, such as we have in the Civil Service, determined to work out a plan. However, we cannot argue such plans here, so let me have your opinion of the Civil Servant from the viewpoint of the Parliamentarian—as individual men as distinct from cyphers.

SIR E. S.: I had a short experience as a Minister and had to answer questions in the House of Commons. After a few minutes' talk with the Civil Servant at the head of the branch concerned with each question, one knew the right answer, one knew what kind of supplementary questions Members of Parliament were likely to ask, and one was so well armed that even for an entirely inexperienced Minister it was perfectly easy to deal with the questions in the House. This experience gave me a very high opinion of the knowledge and ability of the leading Civil Servants. Dealing specifically with the Housing Department, Civil Servants are not given the opportunity of getting out into the world and seeing for themselves what a slum is like. They ought to do the sort of round that Mr. Howard Marshall did some months ago. It would have an enormous effect on their minds, just as it has on mine. Every time I visit the slums I come away with a new determination not to rest until they are abolished.

J. A. C.: I can sympathise with you. I often feel that if every man, and particularly every landlord, were compelled to spend twelve months of his life living in a slum, we should soon clear them away. As it is, many of us, let alone the Civil Servant, never see them. I take it you would apply this idea of personal contact and experience throughout the Civil Service.

SIR E. S.: Yes, I would in principle. It is probable that the same applies to almost every department; the Civil Servants are too aloof, too secluded. It is not their fault; it is the custom and tradition. They ought to be sent out more to mix with ordinary human beings.

J. A. C.: Now where have we got to?

SIR E. S.: You are apprehensive and want Parliament to reassert its authority and to put its house in order. I think that Parliament can and will take care of itself and that what is wanted is more initiative and definite purpose in the administrative side of government—in the Civil Service: and I would give them more powers to act, not less. But we both agree that our Civil Service is a very able, disinterested body.

Art

Contemporary English Drawing

By JOHN PIPER

FATUOUS, yet worth reconsidering now and again, is the platitude that for generations has tired the pupils of academic teachers: 'You can't paint until you can draw'.

In a drawing you can see the wheels working, and if they don't work well no amount of elegance, intricacy or dash will hide the defect. But there are exceptions even to that.

Direct statements about good or bad drawings are apt to have so many exceptions that an oblique approach is safer, and often more profitable. That is why I want to consider some condemnatory statements about Picasso's painting 'Profile' which appeared in a letter recently published in these columns, in their relation to contemporary art in general, and drawing in particular. I have already replied to the letter, and the correspondent will, I hope, forgive me for quoting his statements, and even misapplying them for my present purposes. He wrote: 'There is in the human mind an endless series of nebulous impressions that flicker in the dark subconscious—impressions that doubtless originate in past experience, but have fused together in a variety of promiscuous ways; instead of rejecting these, however, as lacking in æsthetic value, in propriety and good taste, the modernist is pathetically anxious to transform them into tangible expression. . . . The artist has in fact lowered himself to the level of a child, who scribbles down on a sheet of paper the curious sensations that occur to him'. Now I imagine some such flickering, nebulous impressions to be at the root of all art. They account for a Raphael Madonna and Salisbury Cathedral no less than for prehistoric cave drawings and Surrealism. That they originate in past experience, though this is obviously not always the case, or that they fuse together in promiscuous ways, cannot detract from their value as experience. Their perfect fusion, given a satisfactory tangible expression, is a rare enough happening, and one that can occur only with a man of unusual gifts; but it does occur. The word 'scribbles' gets at the root of the matter. For a grown man to scribble to no purpose—if he is really a grown man—is difficult, for the nebulous impressions are always there to prompt him; and if he is a man who is in the habit of giving visual symbols to his impressions, in an outward tangible form, the magical thing may happen—for it is more magic than mechanics. Though the mechanics are necessary enough, for to put it

vulgarly the best drawings are those with fewest slips 'twixt cup and lip; fewest false moves between impression and expression.

That a good drawing may depend primarily on a *present* visual experience cannot be doubted. To suppose that it must always do so would be absurd. There is no reason why the



Studies, by Henry Moore



The Watcher, by Robert Medley

By courtesy of the London Artists Association

store of visual impressions in their fusion in the 'dark subconscious' should not be completely transformed, or why after that transformation they should lack æsthetic value. At any rate, the exploitation of this rich store of transformed impressions, whether they are the direct result of a visual experience or not, is what contemporary artists are undertaking, and it is the cause of the gradual statement of a new set of formal principles that is being made in our own day. These formal principles, seen out of perspective as we must see them, may seem to lack unity. For one thing they have to be considered apart from all popular contemporary art, with its own convention of representation and symbolism. For another thing they are being stated in the work of artists of the most diverse temperaments and capacities. But there is a certain unity which will become more recognisable in time, and something of this unity, despite the diverse idioms, is to be noticed in the drawings that illustrate this article. The impressions to which each artist has given tangible existence have undergone a complete transformation,



Kneeling Boy, by Gainsborough

Victoria and Albert Museum

no less with Gainsborough than with the modern artists. It happens that the passage of years and the spirit of the tradition long ago sanctioned the particular variety of transformation which Gainsborough effected, so that there can be no question now of a lack of taste or æsthetic value in his drawing. About drawings in general there is less of that thick husk of 'period' personality and association that separates paintings of different ages so effectively, and I hope that by illustrating this Gainsborough beside the modern drawings something of the quality of his 'scribble' may be seen to have a bearing on present-day art. There is at any rate in all four drawings the same economy of statement, and evidence of the same passionate desire to realise the impression whole, leaving no loose ends, no unrelated forms. Perhaps no specifically English characteristics will be noticeable in all the drawings, though I think the careful eye will detect them.

The formal predilections of Cézanne and the Cubists, their preoccupation with geometric themes, is becoming plainer as their work begins to recede into the past; and the Surrealists, who make use of visual symbols but deal with experience that is not necessarily acquired by visual means at all, must ultimately be found to have worked within constant formal limits, however 'flickering' and 'promiscuous' these may appear at present. In the meantime it is significant that sculptors and painters are to some extent meeting on common ground, and common ground which, irrespective of influence, knows no national boundaries. An artist cannot work without some sort of mould in which to cast his ideas, and Surrealism, reacting against the conscious use of the narrow symbolism of cube, cone and cylinder, is at any rate limited by the scope of the unconscious, and by the need for some system of mechanics which will give tangible form to its impressions. This provides it with its potentialities, as well as setting its limitations. English artists are beginning to recognise these potentialities. But while we as a nation preserve our ridiculously strong bias towards representational art, and the narrow range of pictorial symbols which we recognise, they can hardly have a very full effect on our tradition.

In attempting to judge a drawing that has any pretence to a contemporary spirit we quickly recognise that the representational outlook will not help us far. There is no question of imitation in the drawings reproduced here. In the drawing by the sculptor, Henry Moore, there is evidence of an awareness of the subtlety of the human form, a fusion of impressions of this subtlety perhaps, and the creation of an analogous subtlety. In Ceri Richards' drawing there are signs of the quick, excited apprehension of a present experience, a similar fusion with past—perhaps unconscious—experience and a sure statement that only a man well versed in the mechanics of drawing could make. In Robert Medley's drawing the sense of drama does not hide the simple, economical suggestion of shapes, which in its way is as much a symbol as the child's two strokes for nose and mouth and two dots for eyes. All these draughtsmen have 'reduced themselves to the level of the child', and Gainsborough did so too, if that means that they have achieved the expression of nebulous feelings and given them a concrete form. Each has created a symbol, and who is to say that the impressions that prompted Gainsborough's symbol were less nebulous than those of the modern artists? At any rate, it must never be forgotten that there are as many visual truths about the human figure as there are good drawings of it, and that a new facet comes into view whenever an artist gives expression to a real visual experience of it. Further, that the artist may have no intention of giving information about the human figure in a drawing of it, but since it is infinitely variable in its capacity as a symbol he may be using it not to tell us anything about it but to tell us something about himself, and his own relation to reality. This,



Drawing by Ceri Richards

By courtesy of the Zwemmer Gallery

after all, is the quality we value in the most 'like' of Gainsborough's portraits, whatever his sitter's attitude may have been.

To judge from a newly-published collection of some two hundred reproductions of modern European and American

drawings* (produced by the publishers of *The Studio* with their usual skill and good taste), one would imagine that progressive art, or evidence of it in contemporary draughtsmanship, was today confined exclusively to France. This is an exaggerated view, though one recognises the force of the editor's remark that 'in France . . . new ideas are more readily born and more quickly circulated than in England, the air of the café being more nimble and charged with a more vital and electric spark than that of the club'. But while he illustrates drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Dufy and Dignimont he shows few examples of the work of the more vital younger English draughtsmen. Duncan Grant, William Roberts, Paul Nash and Bernard Meninsky are there, it is true, and judged on a strictly contemporary basis this is a

fairly just suggestion of the position, but their drawings seem to have been chosen to fit in with a prescribed scheme rather than thoroughly to represent the work of each artist. Hardly enough allowance has been made for the retarding atmosphere of the English club. The book is a sumptuous one, but on the whole a little depressing. There is nothing illustrated in it that is not thoroughly capable and sincere, and there are a great many drawings that it would be a continual delight to study and refer to, yet there is so much here too that lacks the vital spark. On turning the pages one experiences a wistful regret that each drawing takes its place so readily in a comfortable niche, and that the collection in consequence seems too gentlemanly to represent the really vital and healthy spirit in draughtsmanship which one believes to exist.

News in the Making

Under this heading we shall publish, as occasion offers, the brief explanatory topical talks which are now included as part of the broadcast news service

The Institute of Pacific Relations

THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS is a permanent body with headquarters in Honolulu, and every second year a conference is held under its auspices to discuss some problems of special interest to the inhabitants of Pacific countries. The conference is made up of groups from various countries represented in the permanent Institute. The British group is constituted by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and the other national groups are formed by similar bodies in their respective countries. The other countries represented this year were the United States, China, Japan, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, and, for the first time, and with a skeleton but very efficient group, France and Holland. All told, they were, I believe, about 150 strong.

This biennial conference has some peculiar features which make it specially interesting. First of all, it is a discussion conference—it passes no resolutions, it reaches no collective conclusions, it offers no recommendations. I can imagine many of you thinking that this is rather a strange characteristic to put forward as a virtue. I suggest to you, however, that unfettered discussion between parties divided by apparently irreconcilable differences does help to create understanding, and that if you have not to think all the time of resolutions which must be framed so as to command unanimous approval, you will speak your mind more freely—you will have neither a practical nor theoretical axe to grind.

Freedom of discussion is reinforced by the informality of its setting, at a number of round tables, and by the character of the groups. Each member of a group speaks on his own responsibility and represents no one but himself. Within each group you will find a good many shades of opinion and types of experience. At any round table you may find two Americans or two Chinese expressing very different opinions about the policy of their own governments. There is every chance, therefore, that no aspect of a particular problem will escape unnoticed. Again, Press reports are almost entirely impersonal; no member need fear that what he says will be used in evidence against him, nor, on the other hand, is he under any temptation to speak for public effect. I should not be honest if I did not mention one factor—purely temporary, I hope—which works in the other direction. If you are a citizen of a country where freedom of speech is restricted you will necessarily be rather careful if you disapprove of your government's policy, even in the atmosphere and conditions which I have described. 'Depend upon it, sir', said Dr. Johnson, 'when a man knows that he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully'. Depend upon it, if a man knows that he may be hanged when he gets home, if he is not careful what he says, it tends to concentrate his mind on the advantages of discreet reticence.

Discussion this year centred round the economic problems of the Pacific area. Now if by Pacific area you mean to cover all the territories of all the countries represented, it is obvious that its economic problems are exactly the same as the world's economic problems. Even if you take the Pacific area to mean a much smaller area—roughly the Far East—plainly the countries within it are afflicted with the same depression as the rest of the world, and for much the same causes. But in that narrower area you have certain economic troubles or maladjustments which are, if not quite peculiar to it, rather specially intense.

Let me try briefly to give my own entirely personal impression

of the most important points that emerged. One of the things which struck me very strongly was that part of the Far Eastern difficulty must be explained by a clash of two civilisations. Japan has adopted our Western industrial civilisation and system wholeheartedly; China is still 'standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet'. I doubt whether with her immemorial traditions, her own age-long civilisation, somewhat static by our standards, she will ever follow very slavishly in our footsteps. Personally I hope she won't. Meanwhile—and this is where the clash comes—it would be in Japan's immediate interest if China would hurry along a little faster on the road to a Western civilisation. A second factor in the situation which, to use an Americanism, sticks out like a sore thumb, is the difficult situation created by a very low standard of living in a country dependent for its very existence on international trade. I plainly could not begin to discuss in detail here either the causes or effects of a low standard of living; I must content myself with saying that, in my opinion, Japan's low standard of living is largely responsible for the various barriers erected against her, and that these barriers must tend to depress Japan's standard still further. And so we go round in a vicious circle.

Lastly, and most important, the population question. Nobody knows exactly what the population of China is; it is probably about 450 million. China has her own population problem, but it is mainly one of redistribution, and of a movement into Manchuria from less favoured parts of the country. Japan has a growing population—at present about 64 million in Japan proper; and it is likely to grow to about 80 million. But neither the absolute size of the population now, nor its probable size thirty or forty years hence, is what is really important. The terrifying thing—I am sure that it terrifies the Japanese Government—is that the existing population is so constituted that within the next ten or fifteen years there will be 10 million additional workers coming into the labour market.

Some of us often think of birth control as likely to make some of our economic problems more manageable; it can obviously, however, only affect the numbers of the working population some twenty years later. In this case the babies have all been born and have become children of ten years old and upwards. Here you have an instance of a population pressing on the means of subsistence. What is the solution? The old classical checks were pestilence, starvation, war. Science has pretty well abolished the first of these correctives; as to the second, the Japanese people will not sit down and starve. Can we be sure that war will not take off part of the surplus? Even a terrible war, however, would not literally decimate the population, and the problem will be still there to be solved by human foresight and intelligence. Most people think of emigration as a possible remedy; I believe in this case it is none, though I have no time to be anything but dogmatic. Firstly, the numbers are too great to be shifted in the short time, even if the areas were available. Secondly, the Japanese are not fond of emigrating. There are amazingly few of them outside Japan, even in those areas where conditions have been favourable to their reception. The one way in which Japan can meet this problem—again I must be dogmatic—is by expanding its international trade. Whether this way is open to her does not depend entirely on her own behaviour and policies. So that even this peculiarly Far Eastern problem turns out to be a world one.

ANDREW MCFADYEAN

*Modern Drawings. By Campbell Dodgson. The Studio, Ltd. 30s.

Economics in a Changing World

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

In this, the first of a series of twelve informal talks which he is to broadcast, the author explains the title and how he intends to interpret it

ONE of the greatest democratic problems of our time is that of finding ways and means by which the voter shall be informed as to the facts and theories which he or she must take into account when reaching a decision on a current problem. Most people seem to feel that they can take a view about a political problem, but the word 'economics' sends a cold shiver down many backs and induces an instinctive movement towards the 'off' switch on the wireless set. Economic theory is a complicated subject, so is electrical, musical, hydraulic and other scientific and artistic theory. But it is not necessary to spend a lifetime in studying economic theory in order to think intelligently about current economic events, so give me and my subject a sporting chance. Seriously: I will promise not to bore you. I would rather annoy you than do that. Boredom is intolerable. Let us take an economic question about which an incredible amount of nonsense is written and spoken every day of the week.

Misleading Figures

You have certainly heard people talking about what they call 'The National Balance of Trade'. Once a month the Board of Trade issues figures showing the value of goods imported and exported to and from Great Britain through the customs, and the figures invariably show that we are apparently buying more than we are selling; that we have an 'adverse' balance. Thousands of people are under the impression that there is something wrong about this state of affairs; that it would be more satisfactory if we sold more than we bought, or at any rate if the value of our export and import figures balanced. These people are thinking in terms of a private individual whose expenditure is apparently in excess of his income, a state of affairs which in due course leads to bankruptcy. The answer is, of course, that the Board of Trade figures only tell half the story. Once a year, and *only* once a year, the Board of Trade experts make an intelligent guess at what are called our 'invisible exports'. These are our income from investment abroad, our receipts from foreigners for the use of our shipping; the important fees we receive for doing international insurance and banking business and other similar services. These payments, when added to our receipts from the sale of our goods abroad, tot up to a sum which has as a rule shown a handsome surplus over our expenditure. In fact, it has been estimated that in 1928—a good year—an adverse balance on the commodity trade of £352 million was converted by these 'invisible' items into a credit balance of £117 million. In our position as a creditor country the surplus value of goods we normally import simply represents payments made to us by our debtors. A creditor nation must as a rule have an 'adverse' balance of trade in visible commodities. If the creditor nation puts up tariffs and refuses to accept goods in payment from its debtors, and if gold cannot be moved to pay the bill, the debtor will simply default.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the seventeenth-century diarist, Mr. Pepys, expressed grave concern at the fact that the country then had what we should now call a favourable balance of trade. He was very worried at the spectacle of Great Britain apparently selling more than it bought. It looked to him as if the foreigner was getting something for nothing and he was scandalised at this, as many people are today, at the apparent fact that by importing more than we export we are apparently getting something for nothing. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that either in the seventeenth century or now, business men were, or are, philanthropists. The modern newspaper proprietor appears to be the exception proving this rule.

'On the March'

Now for some comments upon what I mean by the words 'Changing World' in my title. Here I must ask you to cast a look back into the past; in retrospect we see or think we see that there are certain periods in human history when, to borrow and adapt a remark made by General Smuts, 'the tents have been struck and the great caravan of humanity is once more on the march'. Such periods are those of the slow decay of Rome; the European Renaissance; the Reformation, the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution.

I assume that the main features of the Industrial Revolution are familiar to you. Its great consequence was the world-wide spread of western civilisation, and—this is a less well appreciated point—a western civilisation which, on its economic side, was made in Great Britain. The black men, brown men and yellow men who during the nineteenth century were introduced to the mixed benefits and evils of the western way of life found the economic side of it to be British. I cannot enter fully here into the reasons for this beyond observing that our victory in the Napoleonic wars gave us world political dominance at a time when the application of machinery to the process of wealth production was more developed in Great Britain than anywhere else. The Englishman led the western world in its mechanised economic advance against the Eastern and African civilisations. What kind of an Englishman was he? He lies in our cemeteries today, for he was your grandfather. He believed in free trade; his word was as good as his bond; he believed in parliamentary rule and that honesty was the best policy. His economic bible was written by Adam Smith in his book *The Wealth of Nations*. He made Great Britain the workshop of the world and London its banker. He invented and operated the gold standard. He did not mind being entirely dependent upon sea-borne supplies for his food, firstly, because he wanted cheap food from abroad for his factory workers; to ensure the growth of this food he had lent his profits for the development of the overseas lands; and, secondly, because he had a Navy three times as strong as any other Navy. He was the sort of Englishman to whom a foreigner would say: 'You behave as if you were God's agents on earth' to which my Englishman would have replied as he pointed to the map of the world splashed with red and to the prosperity of the English people: 'If that is so, my behaviour has evidently met with divine approval'.

State Interference in Economic Affairs

So it was through the nineteenth century and the long years of good Queen Victoria, but meanwhile great changes were maturing. The spirits of economic and political nationalism were growing in Europe, and the belief of Germany that she was being denied her place in the sun and a fair share of the good things of the earth was one of the causes which led to the War. Industries were growing up in overseas countries. The East was being westernised. Equally important was the change in the balance of political power within the nations—I will take Great Britain as my example. The spread of the franchise meant the gradual abandonment of the principles of *laissez-faire*—of letting people do as they will—which had been the theoretic foundation of the early Victorian Englishman. There began to grow up a progressive interference of the state in economic affairs. Public education, public health services, factory acts were developed in an attempt to pass on some of the benefits of prosperity to the poor; wealth was redistributed by political action. The whole framework of society—and here it is impossible to distinguish between politics and economics—was changing, and with the opening years of the twentieth century it is clear that the change was taking place with accelerating rapidity. We were approaching a crisis before the War; the Victorian era was at an end. Something new was coming over the horizon. Then the international political situation broke down and the War fell like a typhoon upon humanity, which had already begun to strike its tents and whose caravan was beginning to move from the camping place of free trade and *laissez-faire* and all the familiar landmarks of the nineteenth century. The War threw the unwieldy caravan into wild confusion, and for more than four years the wider issues of 'Where are we going to next—what is to be our camping ground for the twentieth century?' were obscured by the more immediate issue of 'Can we stay alive where we are—what must we do to weather this storm and emergency?'

Changes Wrought by the War

The War ended, and it had been so tremendous that men did not realise it was only an episode in the great march. They thought exclusively in terms of reconstruction! Reconstruction of what? Naturally of what had existed in 1913. It

was a mistaken, though understandable, policy, for it omitted to take note of the fact that the resources of the nineteenth century camping ground had been already used up by 1913. Moreover, though the War had obscured the reality of the great changes which had been taking place in the first decade of the twentieth century, it had secretly accelerated those changes. The War artificially pushed forward the development of the machine, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the mechanical taming of the wireless wave. It accelerated mass production. It hastened on the second industrial revolution. Above all the War enormously advanced the process, by which the community as represented by the State interfered with the free working and flexible economic system. The canons of orthodox finance were cast into the waste-paper basket when mankind mortgaged his future to keep the War going and contracted debts of astronomical magnitude. Had there been no War, it seems to me that during the period 1913-1940 men would have had to face some stiff problems in the adjustment of their economic system to fit their changing political ideas. Without the War it might have been possible to reach a new camping ground, a new position of stability, in an orderly evolutionary manner. But the War spoilt that hope. It both obscured the real problem and enormously added to the technical details of the problem. It brought together, at one and the same moment, unemployment as a problem arising from rationalisation and labour-saving machinery, and unemployment as a problem arising from a decreased volume of trade due to a breakdown in the world's financial system, a breakdown partly due to war debts (internal and external) and reparations.

Here I must find a moment to remind you of one of the most significant changes of modern times—I refer to the mechanisation of agriculture, with which I will couple the great advances in biological science which have so enormously increased the yields of crops and of animal products. This application of machinery and science to the business of food production is a revolution, for the first industrial revolution passed by the agriculturalist and only indirectly affected the world's greatest industry, which, when factory chimneys were polluting the air, continued to be conducted by hand methods.

Nevertheless, the facts were not appreciated, and for ten years and more we have been struggling to get back to pre-War 'normalcy', to use the word often on the lips of the late President Harding. Great Britain has struggled mightily to get the nations back to a pre-War outlook in matters economic. I do not mean that we have refused to recognise that 1925 or 1930 is not 1913. I do mean that we have wanted to have 1913 brought up to date and have not tried to jump straight to 1950 . . . to the unknown. Consider the facts. From 1919 to 1925 we tried to make peace between France and Germany, and we thought we had done so at Locarno. We made stupendous efforts to restore the gold standard, and we pulled in our belts and cut down our coats to get back to it in 1925. We fought long and hard for free trade, for cancellation of war debts and modification of reparations. We urged the sanctity of contract. We behaved in a manner which I am sure had the hearty approval of the ghosts of our Victorian ancestors who had built up the wonderful international economic system we post-War Georgians were trying to salve from the wreckage of the War.

We did all this, firstly, because it seemed to us that our very existence depended upon the restoration of the international system of commerce and finance, and, secondly, because we were convinced that what was good for us was also good for mankind in his perpetual fight against poverty. Our efforts were in vain.

Twentieth-Century Experiments

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel rose to his feet in the House of Commons to open his first Free Trade Budget. In 1931 Mr. Graham, a Socialist President of the British Board of Trade, rose to his feet at a conference at Geneva to make one last appeal to the world on behalf of Free Trade. What a contrast between those two moments! A remarkable film could be made of the trend of events during those years. It has become evident during the last eighteen months that a growing volume of opinion in various parts of the world has made up its mind that the lesson of the post-War years is that a new outlook is required on the relationship between the economic and political aspects of man's life. Great economic experiments are in hand. Has it occurred to you that three or four years ago the Russian Five-Year Plan was one of the excitements of the modern world? One might admire or detest the Russian experiment, but one was not indifferent to it. The thing had tremendous news value. But today it ranks as just one, and perhaps a not very efficiently conducted 'one', of many daring experiments. The Nazi Revolution in Germany and President Roosevelt's Plan in the U.S.A. have quite eclipsed Soviet Russia as economic laboratories. In our own quiet and cautious way we have not been idle, as I shall probably have occasion to point out when reviewing current economic events in these talks. As a hint I will merely mention

the Exchange Equalisation Fund and the activities of Mr. Walter Elliot. He may well be a St. John running in the wilderness of private enterprise, and behind him I hear in imagination the clatter of 10,000 typewriters working for boards of control as yet hardly dreamt of by some of the industries whose activities they will perhaps supervise. Finally, I am not afraid to prophesy that within the lifetime of many of you the eyes of Western men will be fixed on economic developments in China and the Far East—whether in alarm or not I am not so sure. It is upon these grounds that I justify the words 'Changing World'. The caravan of mankind is on the march; where it will go, when it will camp, no one can say. Whether it will have to wander for years in a wilderness of economic crisis and war before it reaches the land of economic plenty and prosperity and political peace, which does exist if only we could find out where it lies, is a question no man can answer. It is, however, possible to remark and describe significant economic surges and movements, be they to the right or left, backwards or forwards, and it will be my business to act as your observer in this matter and report my observations to you during the next twelve weeks. I should be grateful if you would during that time keep in mind these reflections on economics in a changing world which I have outlined to you here.

What is the Use of Science to Society?

(Continued from page 527)

our economic system, it has been nobody's business to apply scientific ideas to it.

H. L.: Yes, but I should like to see added to that problem this: should it be found possible to discover the underlying causes of all these contradictions, is it likely that those who have the power to act, to resolve them, will agree to taking the necessary steps? It may hit them badly, you know. Even scientists themselves are not likely to be unbiassed in such matters.

J. H.: I quite agree: it means that we must regard society itself and the various kinds of social machinery such as economics as proper subjects for scientific treatment—which is a rather revolutionary idea. At the moment, for instance, educational policy has no scientific basis, but is determined by all sorts of unscientific motives, such as political pressure, religious feeling and mere tradition. And the point you make about general bias—that is something so unconscious with most people that I don't think they are even aware of it. Even scientists with a few exceptions aren't aware of the fact that they are biassed and would be indignant if you told them that they were. And of course whenever people get indignant about anything it is a sign that they haven't thought scientifically on the subject. The scientific movement is an outgrowth of society and cannot help being influenced by the form of society from which it springs.

H. L.: Yes, for that reason the more fundamental social problems have been kept in scientific darkness. The light has not been turned on problems of social structure, causes of war, the social bias in education, the basis of religious belief, the rationale of sex, and so on. In fact, this form of society has rendered them almost taboo to what you call scientific treatment.

J. H.: Yes, what we need now, it seems to me, is a change of outlook—a feeling that science *should* be asked to help in tackling such problems, that we ought to arrange for more of the best brains to go into the study of society, that the Government ought to organise research on social subjects as it already does on industry and agriculture and health. That would be a revolutionary change.

H. L.: It would indeed, but you may recollect that you agreed that institutions reflected the bias of the society in which they developed. Government and the State are such institutions; they tacitly assume the permanence and structure of present-day society, and therefore their use of science necessarily also reflects their bias.

J. H.: Yes, that is true enough, but you must have a beginning somewhere, and a change of this sort would be revolutionary. What is more, there are signs that at last the scientists themselves are coming alive to the existence and importance of this problem. For instance, the British Association has just decided to devote a large part of its time at next year's meeting to considering what science can do to become socially effective. Don't you think that is an interesting symptom?

H. L.: It is clearly a very important matter and one that strikes radically at the whole problem of the use of science in society. It is as critical for science as it is for society.

J. H.: Yes, I agree. But meanwhile I shall have to get on with the survey, and I think we must leave this question to be dealt with in our final discussion, with all the facts in front of us. It may turn out that this is after all the most important social need for which science could possibly cater.

Our review of *The Psychology of Laughter*, by Ralph Piddington, in *THE LISTENER* of September 20, gives the impression that the publishers are a Sydney firm, whereas their address is in fact Figurehead, 18 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, and the 'Sydney' should refer to the author's degree of M.A.

English Music—II

Riches of English Church Music

By Dr. THOMAS ARMSTRONG

I SPEAK about church music first, because, whether we like it or not, all our Western music owes its development largely to the mediæval cathedrals and monasteries. But, as I said last week, no nation can claim pre-eminence in these important early years, partly because national individualities were not yet established, partly because music was as yet too undeveloped to express national or personal characteristics. Moreover, the mediæval Catholic Church tried to be a truly international organisation, and part of its monastic policy was to mix up the nations: so that if you find an early anonymous motet in a Spanish monastery, it may quite well have been written by an Englishman, and one found in an English library may be by a German or Frenchman. We may admit, too, that the bulk of this early music, though precious to the historian, is too experimental to give much pleasure to the ordinary hearer. Yet it marks, as we notice its gradual progress from crudity to beauty, some most important steps in music's history; and it lives on in our music, for all our great masters from Byrd through Beethoven to Elgar and Delius have relied unconsciously upon the discoveries made by these nameless early composers, some of whom, if they had their rights, should be honoured with Bach, Handel, and the giants of music. The most important discoveries of this epoch were these. By adding other melodies to the great plainsong tunes of the church, musicians discovered the power of harmony and the best way to utilise its resources: by experience in composing and singing they found that some modes or scales were more convenient than others, and this knowledge led towards the organisation of a key-basis which made possible all the key-contrasts that are so important in later music. In this latter discovery they were much helped by the work of the troubadours and secular musicians, whose songs began to influence church music at an early date.

As soon as personalities and names begin to emerge we find that an Englishman is among the foremost. John Dunstable, who died in 1453, was honoured not only in his own country, but also abroad: he was the acknowledged master of his day, to whom were due important developments both in English and in foreign music. After his death the work was carried on by such men as Taverner, Fairfax, Tallis, Whyte and Tye, all of them cathedral organists. And the vitality of the art was much increased by the fact that church music by this time had begun to be influenced by the melodic expressiveness of secular song and the compelling rhythms of the dance.

During the Tudor period we had a wealth of fine church composers, who made the most of a musical idiom by this time flexible and subtle enough to express all the individuality of the composer and all the pathos or vigour of the words he set. I will not give you all the twenty or more names that stand out: remember only those of Byrd, Morley and Gibbons, and the fact that there were many others almost as eminent. Other nations had their great men too: Palestrina, Vittoria, Jacob Handl: but our men were the equals of any, and our music had, as was right, its distinguishing characteristics. Broadly speaking, our polyphonic music is more adventurous than that of Palestrina or Vittoria: it has the sort of tough intellectual independence that had helped to prepare for the Reformation: but its emotional range is wide too, and it can be both passionate and tender.

Influence of Purcell on German Composers

All over Europe this polyphonic school began to decline soon after 1600. Men were wanting a new kind of music, capable of expressing emotions that had had no place in motet or madrigal. Hence opera in Italy: and when our next school of church composers arose, they were inevitably moulded by these influences. Purcell, the biggest of them, was a prolific writer of stage music and chamber music, but he was a church musician by training and profession, first as a Chapel Royal choir-boy, and afterwards, from the age of 21 till his death in 1695, as organist of Westminster Abbey. In his anthems he followed a tendency that had begun to appear years before in those of Gibbons and Byrd. He included solos, duets and trios, and instrumental interludes: and he generally wrote important organ parts. He learnt much, too, from Lully and the Italians. But he had inherited his art as an English choir-boy from the classical English masters, and had firm roots in our traditions from which to nourish his own unrivalled dramatic and melodic imagination. He led the music of his own day, even though there were such other good men as Blow: he influenced his successors, and not least the great Handel. And if you ask a German student today

about English music, he will say at once 'Purcell': for foreign musicians have learnt to honour him better than do those of his own country. His church music is heard at its best in the cathedrals for which it is written: you should go some time, if you can, to York, or Westminster, or St. Paul's or Exeter Cathedral, to hear '*Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes*'. You will find it a superb work.

It was in the century after Purcell's death that Handel dominated English music; only in church music during those years did the native tradition survive strongly. Croft, Boyce and Greene had real individuality of their own, and on the whole expressed it in the native idiom that had come to them through Blow and Purcell. All wrote anthems and services, whilst Boyce is remembered also for songs and chamber music: and to Croft belongs the distinction of having written some of the earliest and finest English hymn-tunes, like Hanover ('O worship the king') and St. Anne ('O God our help'), which are sung wherever Englishmen forgather. Even during the lowest ebb of our music, in the years round 1800, the church composers still kept the lamp burning. Battishill wrote well in the purely English style, whilst Samuel Wesley, a nephew of John and Charles Wesley, and one of the most richly gifted of all English musicians, left some splendid motets in which the influence of Bach is felt for the first time in our music. It is Samuel Sebastian Wesley, a son of Samuel Wesley, who forms the link between those composers and the present day. He was organist of several cathedrals, and a great figure of the eighteen-fifties. English composers of his day were much affected by the popularity of Mendelssohn and Spohr, and Wesley himself was not untouched by this tendency; but he had his own gifts and his own strong personality, and at his best he is entirely immune from any enfeebling foreign influence. Like Purcell, he had an uncanny instinct for the setting of words, and a gift of spacious melody: and he handed down to such composers as Parry, Stanford, Charles Wood and Bairstow the traditions of the past, modified and developed, but still strong.

A Characteristic Native Art

Now I imagine some critic saying to me, 'You make big claims for the importance of English church music, but how does such a limited art affect the average musician?' To this I reply, 'Not so much as it ought, for the average musician is often ignorant of the beauties of church music, and too superior to take steps to repair his ignorance'. Nevertheless, the fact remains that we have here a native art, and a characteristic one, which has preserved its traditions and strength through years when other branches of English music have not retained their individuality. Its literature contains a great many works small in size and unpretentious, but fine in style and craftsmanship, and closely expressive of some sides of our character. It has, moreover, shown consistently, and from early days, that ability to match fine words with suitable music which I take to be one of the best characteristics of English music. Technically, its influence crops up in the most unexpected places: there are things in the gayest music of Sullivan that come from his choir-boy days at the Chapel Royal. Vaughan Williams and Holst have been vitally influenced by the Elizabethans: even the most modern 'Belshazzar' shows traces of the music that William Walton sang as a boy in the choir of Christ Church, Oxford. Distinguished composers like Handel and Mendelssohn have tried to contribute to it. And outside the technical sphere, church music still exercises, as it has always done, a strong influence on those who go to hear it in churches, chapels and cathedrals where a good standard is maintained.

A word about hymn-tunes. Hymn singing has roots far back in man's pre-Christian history, was developed in the pre-Reformation church, and became general here after the Reformation; it received tremendous impulse from Wesley, Watts and others in the eighteenth century. Many of our tunes are strong and fine, even if the weakness of some later ones has deserved the contempt of musicians. No other nation has written tunes quite like them, so generous, so tender though reserved, so free from the less attractive qualities of religious emotion. It is no wonder that they are rooted deep in the affections of thousands of ordinary men and women. Readers of Hardy will remember how 'New Sabbath' and 'O thou man' had entered into the lives of Tranter Dewy and the Mellstock choir: that is no exaggerated picture; and this element in our national life, though musically unassuming and often unnoticed, is by no means negligible.

The Listener's Music

For Listeners Who Perform

IT has been suggested that this page should occasionally be used for reviewing new music. The idea has two points in its favour. First, it is likely that a considerable proportion of readers are also performers, and therefore desirous of information concerning new publications; second, the paucity of reviews is a severe handicap to composers, editors, and publishers of music. At present, their output is practically ignored save in the musical journals; and as the circulation of these is almost confined to the music trade and profession, there is not the contact that there ought to be between composer and performer.

The notes that follow will not consider the needs of teachers, organists, and choral conductors, all of whom are able to keep in touch with new material.

It is one of the many hopeful signs of the times that score-reading is becoming more general, and not only among professional musicians. This is due to the enormously increased opportunity of hearing standard works, and to the growth in the output of inexpensive miniature full scores. I hope to devote an article to this 'hearing of music through the eye', and to give some hints on the development of a faculty that very greatly increases our pleasure in music; I shall also show that it is far from being the mysterious, hardly-attainable accomplishment that most laymen think it to be.

The score-reader of moderate ability is well provided for nowadays. Hardly a month passes without the issue of a small-form classic of the type that is frequently broadcast. Here are a few from which to choose: Corelli's Concerto Grosso, No. 3 in C minor (2s.). This is for three solo instruments (two violins and cello) and strings, the full score, thus consisting of only seven staves—a comfortable proposition, especially as the music is straightforward. Hardly more difficult is the score of Mozart's Piano Concerto in G, the orchestra consisting of flutes, oboes, bassoons, two horns, and strings (3s.). Six of the Bach cantatas have recently been issued in miniature score: No. 8, 'Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?' No. 19, 'Es erhub sich ein Streit', No. 34, 'O ewiges Feuer', No. 81, 'Jesus schläft, was soll ich hoffen?' No. 85, 'Ich bin ein guter Hirt', and No. 123, 'Liebster Immanuel, Herzog der Frommen'. These are in the series issued by Eulenberg, Leipzig, and are stocked by Messrs. Goodwin and Tabb, Dean Street, Soho. The prices range from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. The same series now includes Verdi's Requiem, the picturesque score of which will yield a whole course of lessons in writing for voices and orchestra. The price—10s.—is not stiff when the beautifully clear engraving is taken into account.

Another familiar choral masterpiece now available in miniature is 'Elijah'—nearly 500 pages (15s.). This is one of the Philharmonia series (stocked by Novello), another recent edition to which is Mozart's delightful opera 'The Impresario' (7s. 6d.). In all these scores there is a longish preface in German and English.

At this point it occurs to me that some readers may never have seen a miniature score, and may need to be told that it is a pocket edition, with a separate stave for each instrument and voice part—a tiny, yet perfectly clear duplicate of the huge copy which the conductor uses. It is invaluable for study and reference, and it brings additional pleasure, interest and instruction to listening; there is, in fact, no better investment for the music-lover's library than the miniature score of a classic.

The question of English words for foreign songs crops up from time to time. The chief objection to translations has been their inadequacy—even absurdity. Often they missed a vital musical point—I recall, for example, a translation of a song by Strauss in which the word 'Grab' (grave) is set to a sombre discord; the English version provided a bad misfit by giving the word 'roses' at this point!—and almost without exception they were little removed from doggerel. With a realisation of the difficulty and importance of the translator's task has come a far higher standard, and it is now possible to sing a large proportion of classical *lieder* in English. Here, for example, is Schumann's 'Dichterliebe', one of the finest of song cycles, consisting of sixteen numbers, with an admirable text by the late Robert Whistler. I happen to know something of the pains he took in his translations of these and other German songs, for at the beginning of his undertaking he discussed with me some of the problems involved.

Other successful workers in this field are A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson. A set of 'Fifteen Favourite Songs of Brahms' is a capital example of their skill, taste and musicianship (Oxford University Press, 3s.).

As an arranger of Irish Folk Songs, Herbert Hughes has long been highly esteemed. He has the rare gift of being able to retain—even to augment—the flavour of the original while

writing with freedom of harmony and texture. A volume of 'Old Irish Melodies' (Boosey, 5s.) with words written (sometimes following the original) by Harold Boulton, shows him at his best. Of all British folk music, the Irish is the most varied in mood; perhaps only Irishmen can set it and sing it so as to reflect all its qualities (one thinks of Stanford, Charles Wood, and Plunket Greene in this connection). There are twelve songs in this album, and they pretty well cover the emotional gamut; the melodies are from the famous collection of Edward Bunting, on whom D. J. O'Sullivan supplies an historical note. The range is generally for a medium voice. Mr. Hughes's accompaniments demand a good pianist.

For the singer who desires neither folk songs nor *lieder* there is 'The Oxford Album of Standard Songs', edited by Steuart Wilson, consisting of fifteen favourites by Handel, Purcell, Bach, Arne, Haydn, Bishop, Hatton, etc., with a few traditional—'Drink to me only', 'Golden slumbers', etc. Tonic solfa notation is given above the staff. This is one of the best half-crown's-worths of the Oxford University Press.

From time to time the piano is attacked (it cannot 'sing'; its notes are ready-made, and so do not develop fineness of ear as does the violin; and so on); nevertheless, it remains the most useful of the solo instruments, being able to provide both melody and accompaniment, and to deal with chords, polyphony, and passage work; and it has no rival as a gateway, by means of transcription, to the whole field of music. But are contemporary composers treating it fairly? There is a tendency to write in such a way as to emphasise its weaknesses; and too little is done for its amateur exponents. Composers seem disposed to cater for the two extremes—children and virtuosi; a better market, surely, would be the great army of pianists who can tackle the moderately difficult classics, and who, for lack of contemporary music of the same grade, are losing direct touch with living composers. Perhaps that is why so large a proportion of the recent output for piano consists of revivals. From these I choose two useful books of 'Romantic Pieces from the 19th Century' chosen and edited by Ernest Haywood (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. each book). Some of the composers are mere names today, yet they were excellent keyboard writers—Jensen, Raff, Rubinstein, Goetz, Henselt, Herzogenberg (the friend of Brahms), etc. The romance of this music is far from being cold today; the pieces are pianistic, fairly difficult to difficult; and Mr. Haywood has added fingering and pedal marks.

The same house has done well to issue a selection of the pieces of Stephen Heller, another attractive composer who has dropped out of fashion. There are four books (2s. each), graded from easy to difficult, edited by Waddington Cooke.

A pleasant vogue of today is the pianoforte duet. T. F. Dunhill has arranged a suite of movements from Purcell's 'The Old Bachelor'—a Rondeau, Slow Air, Boree, Two Hornpipes, Menuet, Jig and March—all short and characteristic, and not difficult (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d.).

For four hands on two pianos (the plutocratic duet) there are some extremes. The whole of Tchaikovsky's 'Nutcracker' Suite, arranged by Hesselberg, may be had in separate numbers at various modest prices, published by Schirmer of New York (London agents, Hawkes). These arrangements were made for Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, by the way. Among the new works produced at the recent Three Choirs Festival was a Scarlatti Suite for piano solo and strings by Felix Swinstead (Novello, 6s. the two copies). It has been arranged for two pianos, one player being given the solo, the other the string parts. The primo part calls for a good player, the secondo is only moderately difficult. The music is delightful.

For very warm players with a palate for the up-to-date there is a two-piano version of Stravinsky's Capriccio for piano and orchestra, written four years ago, and so representative of the composer's latest phase (Edition Russe de Musique, Moscow; London, Hawkes; 8s. for one copy).

Finally, for the domestic party of string players, Mr. Dunhill has arranged and edited the Purcell suite mentioned above. The version is attractively accommodating; if you have no viola player you may turn on a third violin, for whom a special part is issued; and there is a piano part which may be used to cover up gaps, add to the sonority, or (one likes to think) to provide a job for a pianist who happens to be on the spot (Oxford University Press; Score 3s. 6d., parts 6d. each).

It may be necessary to add that if there is any difficulty in obtaining *pukka* music through the local dealer (who ought to be encouraged to develop a trade in something other than song and dance 'hits') any of the big London publishers will supply it promptly, as they collect (and sometimes stock) one another's wares.

HARVEY GRACE



Tabriz: the Objective—

By courtesy of the Author

'Anywhere for a News Story'

Captured by Kurdish Brigands

By Colonel LIONEL JAMES

Showing how a Special Correspondent must win his way through to the scene of action whatever the odds against him

FOR twenty years I was a Special Foreign Correspondent. My experience covers fourteen campaigns, not counting such secondary excitements as revolutions and insurrections. My duties as a news-gatherer have taken me to the mighty fastnesses of the Himalayas, the frost-bound steppes of Russia and Manchuria, to the veldt of South Africa, to Tripoli, Albania, the Spanish Riff. But I will not tell you of the major campaigns, but rather of an episode in Persia which, if it had been mishandled, might well have proved fatal.

I had completed a mission upon the Indian Frontier when I received a cable from *The Times* instructing me to proceed without delay to Azerbaijan, the Turkish-speaking area of Persia. The province was in revolt and had set up a revolutionary Government at its capital town Tabriz—Tabriz where the carpets come from. In the opinion of *The Times* the situation in Western Persia, therefore, required the presence of their 'Stormy Petrel'.

Sealing Wax as Safeguard

Tabriz is most easily reached by way of the Caucasus. The Caucasus necessitated a journey *via* Constantinople. As I had to spend a day in Constantinople, I took the opportunity to visit the Persian Ambassador. He was a kindly old gentleman, with a house stuffed full of Oriental bric-à-brac, but he knew very little about the internal affairs of the Government he represented. He did me one good turn which, as I will show, was to prove of inestimable value. He gave me a letter of introduction to some big-wig in Teheran. This letter took the shape of a formidable document, addressed in Persian script, and sealed with as much scarlet wax as might be found upon a Treaty of national importance between two high contracting States.

When I reached Tiflis in Caucasia, I was informed that it would be impossible for me to reach Tabriz, since the Shah of Persia had enlisted the services of the wild tribesmen from the Karadagh and Maku, to quell the rebellion, and that these irresponsible brigands were investing the town. My Russian informants shook their heads, and said that these tribesmen were just irresponsible bandits, and would destroy anyone they caught on the Tabriz road, irrespective of the traveller's creed, nationality or colour. This was disconcerting information, but I had been ordered to Tabriz and to Tabriz I must go.

The journey from Tiflis to Tabriz is made by train, under the shadow of Mount Ararat, as far as Julfa, the last village in Russia; thence there is a good carriage road for eighty miles to Tabriz, built and administered by Russians. This last part of the journey had to be accomplished in post-chaises, which are driven three horses abreast. I was not alone in my determination to reach Tabriz. Cohen, a Jewish carpet merchant, had travelled

with me from Constantinople and I myself had collected in Pera a polyglot Greek, called Nicholas, as my dragoman-servant. Cohen, whose business was centred in Tabriz, was as stout-hearted as a Judas Maccabæus. Nicholas was of a less distinguished temperament. He was very timorous and nervously obedient.

Undeterred by Words or Shot

It was a two-day stage from Julfa to Tabriz. The first day's drive was of small interest. We were due to sleep in Marand, the half-way village. We arrived at Marand about nine o'clock at night. Here we met two Persian grandees who were waiting to continue their journey to Tabriz. They warned us that to attempt the last stage would mean certain death. This was a not altogether reassuring promise for the morrow, but we 'dossed down' in the guest chamber of the caravanserai. The caterer produced a dish of good mutton broth and a plentiful supply of fruit and queer sweetmeats.

Despite the warning protests of our Persian fellow-guests, we made an early start the next morning and about midday reached Sophian, the last stage before Tabriz. Here we found a great collection of storm-bound travellers, all Persians, and all too terrified to attempt the last stage into Tabriz. By dint of something more than moral persuasion we succeeded in getting two carriages horsed and started. Immediately three other phaëtons, full of Persians, followed us, trusting to my prestige to pass them through the investing bandits.

We had covered about five miles when a messenger on horseback overtook us. The Russians maintained telephone posts at intervals along the highway, and the man in charge of the last control, had sent this horseman after us to inform us that he had information through from Tabriz that all exits from the town were blocked by the Karadagh horsemen, and that fighting was actually taking place in the suburbs of the town.

Unfortunately, this wild-eyed messenger burst this information upon us in Turkish, which is the language of the Province, and the news reduced our two coachmen to a state of paralytic terror. I myself considered it would be advisable to return to the telephone control and try to get into telephonic touch with Mr. Stevens, the British Vice-Consul in Tabriz. This I did. After some delay Mr. Stevens endorsed the story of the impossibility of getting into Tabriz, but he added that if I would promise to stay at Sophian until eight o'clock on the following morning he would see what could be done in the way of an escort for me.

The Russian and his wife in charge of the telephone post, put me up for the night to the best of their primitive resources. True to his promise, Mr. Stevens called me up on the following

morning and advised me not to make the attempt to come through, as the road was definitely blocked with these wild and totally irresponsible horsemen. But if I insisted in making the endeavour against his advice, the most he could do for me would be to send two sowers of his Indian Native Cavalry escort to the entrance of the town. I told Mr. Stevens that as my duty lay in Tabriz I should come whatever the cost.

You would not believe the difficulty we had to induce the stage-coach manager to let us have a carriage or a coachman to drive. At last we persuaded a man to come. He was in a state of hopeless alarm the whole time, and the nearer we arrived to Tabriz the more abject was his terror. He kept asking when we might expect to meet the British Escort. At the last village before Tabriz, about five miles out, the inhabitants tried to dissuade us from going further. They said that the Karadaghis had looted all conveyances that had preceded us and had cut the throats of some of the passengers. This information completely paralysed our driver, and I had to use physical force to induce him to proceed. I quite thought that I should have to drive the conveyance myself. With the aid of a stick, and the falsehood that we should meet our armed escort almost immediately, we got going again. There is a long slope down into Tabriz.

The town lies in a depression in a valley. As we came down this incline at full tilt, I saw in the open plain to our left, a knot of horsemen. They were about a mile distant. Suddenly this knot broke up into moving dots, and I knew then that a situation would have to be faced.

About fifteen to twenty Karadaghis were riding to cut us off. They were whipping their little ponies to full speed. Down they swept upon us, and really they looked most imposing. They ride splendidly and they came down upon us *ventre-à-terre*. One man, doubtless the sentinel who had spotted us first, was in front with a long lead. When he came to within fifty yards he unslung his rifle from his back and fired a shot at us. The others of the band immediately did the same. Our carriage stopped. Fortunately men on galloping horses do not shoot very straight. We stood up in the phaëton, while the coachman, paralytic with fear, reined in his team and dived under the horses' bellies. In a second, when it was seen that we were unarmed, we were surrounded by this gang of ruffians, horsemen from the hills, pillars of a wobbling monarchy. Most picturesque blackguards they were. At first they were rough in their handling of us, but Cohen, who behaved with great sangfroid and dignity, told them in Turkish that they were taking great risks in molesting us, that I was an Englishman of high importance, and any interference with me would reflect upon their own heads. Cohen's statement steadied them somewhat, and after a rapid conversation between the three most officious, they said that they would not let us pass, but that we must accompany them to see Rakhim Khan, their Chief. As Rakhim seemed to be about three miles distant, I refused to go. At this attitude the Karadaghis again became truculent, and an evil-looking specimen, with one eye and a face all pock-marked, suggested that it would save time and trouble if we were all shot, and the stage horses annexed.

A Little Bluff Clears the Way

As the situation was really threatening I compromised with them. I said that I still refused to drive across that rough country in my carriage as it would be too uncomfortable, but if they would lend me one of their ponies, I would ride over with them and have speech with their Chief. It was a delicate situation, and I felt that anything but a bold front might tell against us. After much palaver and gesticulation they agreed to my suggestion, and I mounted one of their little rats, while its owner took charge of Cohen, Nicholas and the phaëton, which came lumbering after us across country.

It was something of a strain when we came to the main body of these ruffians and their Chiefs. They were not soldiers, it must be remembered, but just lawless brigands from the moun-

tains, whom the Shah had purchased to coerce the revolutionaries. You will all of you have heard of Kurds and their aptitude for and delight in callous atrocities. Most of these wild fellows had never heard of an Englishman. They classed all Europeans as Russians, a people whom they hated like poison.

I put on the biggest front that I could assume. Nicholas, whose lips were quivering, tried to rush forward to make an appeal on his own behalf. I ordered him back roughly. I would not have anyone approach the Chief but myself, and essayed the oriental formalities which I had learned in India. My demeanour and the etiquette told. Rakhim Khan and his associate Chief, who were seated on a carpet in the midst of their rabble, rose to meet me, and invited me to join them on the carpet. I then summoned Cohen to interpret for me. After compliments, I said that I realised Rakhim's men had made a mistake. Doubtless they had mistaken me for one of the Shah's enemies. I was anything but that. I was a special messenger sent out from England to adjudicate upon the boundary dispute between Persia and Turkey on the Urumia border. It was at this juncture that the letter given to me by the friendly old Persian Ambassador became of service. I produced it out of my satchel and handing it to Cohen, told him to present it to Rakhim Khan and to tell him

that it contained my official credentials. The seals were there for him to see. They certainly were there and in impressive array—about six of them—great red danglers almost as big as saucers. Rakhim Khan and his staff were too ignorant to read the document, or even the address upon it, but too proud to admit as much. The missive definitely impressed them, and after a little palaver, and a request that I should, in my demarcation of the Frontier, give all that I could to Persia and nothing to Turkey, Rakhim Khan gave me an escort of his



—and the hindrance: a band of lawless Kurdish tribesmen

E.N.A.

ragamuffins to pass us to the confines of the town.

One of our escort said bitterly as he rode along with us: 'We were fools not to have shot you without asking who you were, as I wanted badly the grey horse in your carriage team, and it would have been mine. We will shoot the next lot we catch on the road!' They were true to their word, for an hour later a load of Persians in a carriage was butchered by these bandits. When we reached the outskirts of Tabriz, our escort of Rakhim Khan's ruffians left us, as already the Revolutionaries holding the suburb had opened a long range fire upon them and incidentally upon us.

A delightful sight met my eyes on the Persian Bridge which carries the Russian road into Tabriz. Here were two sowers of the Indian Cavalry. This was the escort which Mr. Stevens had sent to guide us to his Consulate. But our vicissitudes did not end here. The Persian partisans were still fighting in this quarter of the town. We passed through quite a fusillade before we saw the good old Union Jack, waving over the Consulate. It was indeed the harbinger of sanctuary! It had been an exciting afternoon, and it was quite obvious that Mr. Stevens was most relieved that I had come safely through Rakhim Khan's cordon.

I had to get the news. The result was worth the risks involved, as I had the field to myself during the weeks the investment lasted. A correspondent at a seat of interest without a rival is indeed 'in clover'!

One of the important ventures in this autumn's broadcast talks is the series entitled 'For Farmers Only'. The series will provide something new in the way of a service of information to the agricultural community, the usual twenty minutes on a single farming subject being replaced by shorter talks, discussions, questions and answers, linked together by a commentator, who will be present at the microphone every week. This special arrangement has entailed the commissioning of an editor, and the B.B.C. has arranged for Mr. John Morgan to act in such a capacity. While Mr. Morgan will still continue to act as consultant to the *Daily Herald* in agricultural matters, he has been released by that paper from his position as its Agricultural Correspondent in order to organise this innovation in the B.B.C.'s service to farmers, which started on October 4.

*Out of Doors**Poultry on the General Farm*

By C. W. HURLEY

ACCORDING to the Ministry of Agriculture's June return there are in this country sixty-one million fowls on holdings of over one acre, this being an increase of three-and-a-half million over the 1932 figures. When you consider that twenty hens well managed will yield as much profit as you can reasonably expect to get (but probably don't) from one milking cow, it is not surprising that the general farmer is paying more attention to poultry. If this remarkable expansion of the industry is to continue, it is to the general farmer that we must look in the future. He has at his disposal acres of virgin land, both arable and grass, that have never seen poultry, and he has a far better chance of keeping his poultry free from disease than has the man who is compelled to keep his birds in more or less confined spaces. How serious this menace of disease has become can be appreciated from the fact that the mortality from different causes at the leading laying trials is never much less than 15 per cent., and this when the conditions of housing, feeding and management are ideal, and the birds are naturally all specially selected.

It is not for me here to go into the diseases that may attack your flock, but rather to suggest to those of you who are thinking of expanding your poultry how you may reasonably hope to keep free. Diseases seem to run in fashion; one year it is all B.W.D., another coccidiosis, and another fowl paralysis: whichever you may have the misfortune to encounter, the result seems to be the same—death. This is where the laboratory and the county poultry instructors can help. Give them that chance at the first sign of disease. Try and remember that if you keep those twenty hens in health, although only representing probably one-fifth of the capital of your milking cow, they may yield you as much profit at the end of the year.

Soon after the War, I started to extend my poultry and decided that the semi-intensive system was the most suitable: my poultry would be grouped together, each house with an alternative run, they would be easy to look after, and safe from foxes and farm stock. This worked exceedingly well for some years, and then I found that, do what I would, the land had become fowl sick; some other method must be established or I must go out of poultry altogether. So I determined to break fresh ground altogether, and see if I could rear my chickens entirely on ploughed ground and bring the pullets back nearer home on the grass for the winter.

It was three years ago that I started the experiment and took up the first lot of chickens to the ploughing at about eight weeks of age, and put them on land that had been ploughed in the autumn and was still in the furrow. If I remember rightly, it was in April. It was a wet summer, but the mortality was very low and the growth and hardiness of the birds was beyond question. This led me to take up the chicks earlier last year, so I sent them up at six weeks old in March, with the same excellent results, and this year we started them on the ploughing at five weeks old the first week in February, following them at regular intervals as the remaining batches got to this age.

Farming as I do a mixed farm of some 250 acres, I do not breed any chickens at all, but buy them all from reliable breeders. I do not think that it is an economic proposition for a farmer to breed, unless he intends to build up a business in the day-old chick trade, after meeting his own requirements, as I consider that the capital involved in mating up hens with high class cockerels in sufficient numbers to give a fixed number of chicks at a certain date, and the amount of incubator space required for a few months only, are altogether prohibitive. I think this is a specialist's job and is better left in the hands of regular breeders, who probably hatch most months of the year, and are thus able to employ the capital expended on a hatching plant to full capacity for a continuous period.

I order my chicks to be delivered in batches of 400 at a time, on January 1, February 1, March 1, for heavies, and April 1 for leghorns. They are then reared in a home-made adaptation of the battery brooder for the first four weeks on half-inch wire netting, in units of 100 chicks per hover in a brooder house, and I allow ample feeding space. Actually there are 107 inches of feeding space and 27 inches of water space per 100 chickens, and I believe that our freedom from toe- and feather-pecking is due to this amount of trough room allowed. The chicks are handled in and out of the hovers for the first two days; on the third day they know their way and require very little attention. They are kept in these brooders for exactly four weeks, the last week without any heat, and are then moved into houses with a floor space 7 ft. x 3 ft. 3 in. with a one-inch galvanised wire floor, about 140 chicks to a house; a hurricane lantern under a home-made hover is provided at one end. They are fed and watered in a wire run attached to one end, and in a

week's time they are ready for the ploughing. This is the first time that they come into actual contact with the ground.

Each house, containing approximately 140 chickens, is then removed direct to the ploughing to a wired-in enclosure of about two acres, and a small temporary run is erected round each house to make sure that the chicks do not stray and crowd into each other's houses. All watering and feeding is done outside, and the food troughs are put under curved galvanised sheets to protect from wind and rain until the chicks are bigger. As a rule we do not provide any heat when the chickens go on the ploughing, but in February this year the weather was atrocious and our first lot of chickens were snowed up for days, so we gave them a hurricane lamp while the snow lasted.

In April this year we had leghorn chicks completely off heat at three weeks old and they were moved on to the ploughing at four weeks old with no heat whatever; we reared 417 out of 420. After a week the temporary wire runs round the houses are removed, and the chicks allowed free range in the large enclosure. We keep them on the two acres for about six weeks, when the whole pen is moved forward, and the land behind ploughed. When the chicks are twelve weeks old I begin drawing on the cockerels, and these are put in fattening pens for ten days before marketing. This makes more room in the houses for the pullets, though actually the cockerels are quite fit to kill without any extra fattening. Each house is thus left with about 70 pullets in it, and these are not reduced in number until they are on the point of lay, when we like to get them down to about 50 per house. Nest boxes are added, and the pullets are left on the ploughing until September. All the houses are then removed to a grass field for the winter, a fresh field being used each winter. The houses are put in a line at intervals of twenty yards, and worked across the field by weekly moves. No other stock is allowed in the field. The droppings trays under the houses are emptied once a week into a cart. What is badly needed now is a machine at a reasonable price whereby these droppings can be dried and bagged up, so that they can be used for top dressing corn in the spring or for root growing. There is an enormous waste of this by-product of poultry keeping, and I know of poultry farms where the manure dump is getting larger and larger and cannot be given away.

The capital I have involved in housing, rearing appliances, including brooder house, feeders, drinkers, etc., for maintaining a flock of a thousand laying hens, is just £200. It seems to me to be very important to keep your entire outfit as simple as possible. The total labour at the present time, including egg washing and packing, and thoroughly cleaning all droppings trays weekly, is four man-hours per day, on a thousand birds, but I am thoroughly satisfied that under this system one man on full time will comfortably look after more than double this number.

The birds are at free range on the grass all the winter, and we do not find that our losses from foxes are very great; we get an occasional raid, but May and June are the months when it is impossible to keep any birds safely on free range in our country, as cubs are then getting strong.

I always follow my chicken rearing ground with wheat, and I had an enormous crop this year which stood up well; last year I had a large crop badly laid, and it would probably be better to follow with a crop like sugar beet.

At the present time I have worked the poultry into the arable rotation, but I should like to see some small holder, near a sugar beet factory, try poultry, sugar beet (ploughing the tops in) and then wheat, as a rotation. I venture to think that he would have three profitable crops.

I have thoroughly satisfied myself that poultry rearing on ploughing has passed the experimental stage. I have had two wet summers and one very dry one. I found the greatest advantage in the wet ones as the ploughed land was always dry hours before the grass. There is a great advantage here, because in a showery time the feathers do not get wet as they do when the grass is at all long. The chickens' feet certainly get plastered in mud, which cakes on to the wire floors of the houses, but after one dry day this falls through on to the droppings tray, leaving the floor smooth and burnished like silver. No other floor is so satisfactory, and we find very little trouble with blistered breasts, certainly not more than with slatted floors.

The actual effect of a quantity of birds on the ploughing seems to be that the ground becomes padded and the water runs into pools, but quickly disperses when the rain stops. My land is on the light side, but I know of land that is very much heavier than mine that is successfully rearing chickens, though it is inadvisable to put them on it as early in the year as I do. I consider it is

important not to work the land out of the furrow before the birds go on, as you retain the natural drainage made by the plough under the furrows, which is useful in the early part of the year. Everywhere we see a tremendous development of the folding system, which I am sure is on the right lines, but there are large tracts of land where it is quite impracticable, especially on land that is laid up in ridge and furrow, and sloping and irregular fields. We have also to wait and see whether the many different types of folding houses will stand up to the wear and tear involved in moving them every day. I very much question whether they would get this daily moving on a general farm in hay and harvest times.

I know of several farms where the poultry has been increased and is being run on very up-to-date lines, but one cannot help also noticing that on many the methods employed will only lead to disaster. One of the worst evils seems to be a large house in the corner of each grass field, where the ground around quickly becomes a plague spot for disease.

Why not keep a grass field each year for your poultry and concentrate them all in that? Think of the time saved in attending to them! Of the four systems of poultry husbandry, intensive, semi-intensive, free range and folding, only the two latter need interest the general farmer. The capital outlay for the folding system in housing seems to be between 4s. to 5s. per bird, as against 2s. to 3s. in the movable slatted floor type. The great advantage of the folding type of house is that the birds have a daily move on to fresh ground and other farm stock are supposed not to injure them. However, there are few farms of one hundred acres that cannot spare a fresh grass field each winter for their poultry. Graze it down well in the summer and see what the birds will do for it in the winter. No chain harrows yet invented will equal them. Grass will be keenly relished by all stock, and you will find it the earliest on the farm.

I am not going to say much about egg marketing, as I feel this is a controversial point, except that I am convinced if the English egg is to oust the foreign from the breakfast table then someone must convince every poultry keeper, large and small,

that his or her hens are capable of laying imperfect eggs—that is to say, eggs with blood spots, cracked under shell, and watery whites, etc., even an occasional bad egg, and that it is up to him to eliminate these before they are offered for sale. We cannot hope, nor do I think it desirable, to expect prices as high as they have been in the past, and I should like to think that I was going to average 1s. 3d. per dozen all the year round, and the public was never going to pay more than 1s. 6d. If you think I have put it too low, just look and see what you averaged in 1932. I am constantly asked by farmers, 'Don't you think poultry will be overdone? Everybody is going in for it'. Candidly I do not think it will be, because it is not as easy as it looks. The supply of post-War amateurs is nearly exhausted. They have come and gone, but the general farmer goes on for ever, and must do so. He is beginning to give some of that care and attention to the poultry that he has always been accustomed to lavish on his other stock. He is beginning to realise that they are worthy of some of that attention. The breeder and specialist can help by supplying us with hardy chicks that will average something like 180 eggs per annum, and yet be still fit and hardy at the end of it.

I have tried to give you a brief outline of the methods I have employed in making my poultry the only paying branch of my farm today. The system is not perfect. I hope to make it so, but I will never go back to the grass for rearing chickens. A word to the man who I believe is known as a 'backyarder'. If you have had trouble with disease, why not try this method on miniature lines in your garden. You would only need quite a small house and run, move it once a week and dig behind, and see what the vegetables are like. To the general farmer whose wife worries you about where she is going to rear her chickens next year, so that your cattle and sheep and pigs do not knock them over, and where they will be safe from the foxes, I would say, give her an acre of ploughing and wire it in for her, but don't forget to pay her for the increased value of the subsequent crop.

To end up I will give three watchwords in regard to poultry: keep them young; keep them clean; and keep them on the move.

The New Holbein Henry VIII



We reproduce (left) the portrait of Henry VIII from the Castle Howard Collection, which has recently been cleaned and discovered to be a genuine Holbein; and (right) for purposes of comparison, an earlier portrait of Henry, also by Holbein. Editorial comment will be found on page 529

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

The Price of Fish

As one of the results of my recent broadcast talks on 'Fishermen at Work', I have had a number of letters commenting adversely on the retail prices of fish. Several correspondents have pointed out that if the commoner varieties were substantially cheaper, more people would be able to buy them. 'I used to buy cod before the War at 4d. a lb.', one woman writes. 'It is a luxury I can't afford now at 10d. or 1s.'

A fair comparison between the prices paid to the fishermen and the prices charged to the public is not easy. Of all food-stuffs fish is the most perishable, while large quantities are cut to waste before being sold. A 14 lb. cod, for instance, has a 5 lb. head which does not fetch more than 2d. or 3d. Nevertheless, there seems to be some justification for the complaints that fish is too expensive. In 1932 the average price paid for cod on the quayside was 11s. 5d. a cwt., or roughly 1½d. a lb. If, without reckoning the head, we assume that 2d. a lb. is the quayside price for the saleable parts of the fish, this hardly seems to justify the 10d., 1s. or even 1s. 4d. a lb. charged in shops. Who reaps the benefit of the 500 or 800 per cent. profit?

And consider herring. The average price paid to the fishermen last year was 7s. 7d. a cwt., or under 1d. a lb. Fivepence to 6d. a lb. is sometimes charged in shops between July and December when herring are most plentiful and at their best. Again, there is a disparity of between 500 and 600 per cent. between the price paid to fishermen and that charged to consumers. Apart from this, many varieties of fish mentioned in the statistical tables issued each year by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries seem eventually to be sold under other and more attractive names. Thousands of hundredweights of dogfish, catfish, ling, megrims, monkfish (anglers), pollack, saithe (coal-fish) and witches are landed each year in British ports. One rarely hears of them in shops. What becomes of them? The answer seems to be that pollack (quayside average price last year 15s. 7d. a cwt.), large haddock (21s. 8d.) and cod (11s. 5d.) are often sold as hake (40s. 9d.); witches (25s. 1d.) and megrims (22s. 8d.) as lemon soles (52s. 5d.); and dogfish (9s. 1d.) as skate (26s. 9d.) in fried fish shops. Catfish (9s. 10d.), ling (8s. 3d.), monks (21s. 2d.) and coalfish (4s. 1d.) also seem to masquerade under other names. (In each case the figures in brackets represent the average quayside price last year.)

No housewives would be deluded into buying goat in the guise of mutton, or horseflesh instead of beef. Yet every day they purchase fish under names other than their own for the simple reason that they are sold skinned or in fillets which cannot be distinguished by non-experts. The true remedy must be sought in the education of the public, who must also demand to know the real, not the fishmongers', names of what they are buying. Most of the less known sorts of fish are cheap, tasty and nutritious. Catfish, monks, coalfish, megrims and witches can all be made into appetising dishes.

Woking

TAPRELL DORLING ('TAFFRAIL')

[In the pamphlet, 'Economical Cookery', issued in connection with the Tuesday morning Cookery Talks (B.B.C., 2d., by post 3d.), photographs are included of fish which sometimes masquerade under other names. The photographs represent the fish as sold in the shops, and attention is drawn to differences in texture, colour of flesh, etc.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Elizabeth and Her Seamen

In the published version of Mr. Rowse's talk on Queen Elizabeth occur these words: 'Elizabeth was superbly served by her seamen; but brilliant as they were, their seamanship would have been of little avail if they had not been directed by the supreme political gifts of Elizabeth and the Cecils, the real inner governing circle'. I venture to suggest that political gifts are not of very great use in directing a navy. Moreover, the facts will show that the Elizabethan seamen did their work in many respects in spite of the Queen and Burleigh. It is true that the trading ventures of Hawkins in 1567 and Drake in 1572 and 1577 received the Queen's patronage in the shape of a share of capital; but Burleigh desired to check them for fear of rupture with Spain.

Sir John Hawkins, who became Treasurer of the Navy in 1577, was the directing mind, and he had frequently to battle for recognition of its place. The Queen and Burleigh, as James Williamson has pointed out, always regarded the navy as a sideshow where victory was not to be expected. They spent four times as much on the army on the Continent as on the navy, and had little to show for it. Inasmuch as they tried to get the work done on the sea, they hoped to have it done cheaply by privateers. One or two facts will illustrate this. In 1579 Hawkins proposed a twofold scheme: he was opposed to fighting on the

Continent. He wanted to send a fleet to the Caribbean to destroy Spanish shipping, thereby causing irremediable damage to the European trade of the Spanish Indies and destroying the treasure fleet. He also proposed a continuous blockade of the Azores in shifts of four months each by squadrons of the navy. The Spanish from the West and the Portuguese from the East (at the time being incorporated in his domain by Philip) were alike bound to touch on the islands. Not a ducat could have reached Philip and he would have been bound to sue for peace. Drake's raid of 1585 proved his contention right that Philip had no adequate means of defence in the West Indies, and he again urged a blockade of the Azores. It was refused on the plea that the Guises might slip across the Channel. Yet only one-fifth of the navy was mobilised in the Channel! Drake was not allowed to prevent the sailing of the Armada in 1588. Hawkins' West Indian scheme, if carried out in 1585, would have crippled Spanish power in the West Indies. Yet, instead, Drake was allowed to undertake a senseless expedition by way of Portugal—a type of expedition for which he was unfitted. When at last in 1595 Drake and Hawkins were allowed to undertake the West Indian scheme it ended in disaster and the death of the two captains. Philip had had time to garrison and fortify his ports and to provide a number of small craft which, outstripping the English vessels, warned the governors of their proximity. Well might men say, as they did, the King of Spain is awakened and not weakened. The failure was the penalty of ten years' delay. The English habit of muddling through is well illustrated in the history of the Spanish war. The success of Elizabeth and Burleigh lay in the fact that for nearly thirty years they kept England out of war. When war came they were incapable of directing it strategically, as diplomatists might well be. Diplomacy had become such a passion with Elizabeth that she would not let her sailors seize their opportunity: she persisted in the attempt to negotiate peace when she knew that Philip was merely playing with her in order to get his fleet on to the water.

An intelligent use of sea power as advocated by Hawkins and Walsingham would have gained far more in two years at less cost than the inefficient methods of Elizabeth and Burleigh, which took nineteen years. But for Hawkins' work in purging the administration of the Admiralty from corruption and inefficiency the navy might well have been unequal to her task in 1588.

Queen's College, Oxford

F. J. TAYLOR

Tarred Roads

It was pleasant to see a reference to the 'devastating effects of tarred roads' in the letter about cinder paths at Whipsnade in THE LISTENER of September 20. The worst enemy of England could hardly have devised a better way to spoil its scenery than to blacken its roads, which are as much a part of the landscape as its rivers, and a Society for the Preservation of Untarred Roads would deserve the support of anyone who would preserve beauty at the price of a little dust and a few invigorating bumps. Some months ago, while I was driving along the main road from Oxford to Cheltenham—not, I must admit, without kind thoughts of its ugly but excellent surface—I suddenly became aware of a change for the worse in the familiar view of Burford; sure enough the tar brigade had been at work on the lower road, and what I remembered as a pleasant white lane following the course of the Windrush to the church was now a nondescript track of the colour of the blue Welsh slates on a London house. What are the remedies? I would suggest two. First, main roads of concrete, preferably with exposed aggregate and planted (if at all) with the poplars of the straight French roads, limes, or other suitable trees—not copper beech and silver birch. Second, byroads either of stone or of stone tarred and properly 'dressed'. Such roads are not only better to look at than the ordinary tarred ones, but safer for a car or a cart to drive on and in the long run they would probably be cheaper. As to the cinder paths, it is to be hoped that Mr. Herbert Palmer's letter has not been written in vain.

Ashford

P. A. RICE

Will Basic English Impoverish the Language?

The fear that Basic English will impoverish the language is groundless. English, having assimilated within its vast organism the favoured ideas and words of all the peoples of the earth, can truthfully interpret all sections of mankind to one another. Alone it favours neither the educated nor the ignorant, neither the theorist nor the practical man. Alone it offers within its fold a double language, making it equally possible for the untaught labourer of a downtrodden race to make himself understood with a total vocabulary of some 850 words, and

for the scholar to translate the minutest promptings of his brains into terms selected from a vocabulary of some 500,000 words. It is thus the easiest language to learn and yet the one which offers the greatest reward to the student; it contains within itself every transition from the lowest to the highest. It has evolved more in its simpler forms, and it is more potential of evolution in its newer forms, than any speech mankind has ever known.

The Royal Institution, W.I

GERALD A. MOORE

Electrical Music

It would be a pity if the conclusion were drawn, from the otherwise admirable article on 'Wonders of Electrical Music' in THE LISTENER of September 20, that the whole of the development of electrical musical instruments was or is in the hands of German professors. True, a meagre reference was made to the Englishman Compton, but a more balanced review of the subject might have included mention of Midgley, another Englishman; the Frenchmen, Coupleux, Givélet, Martenot and Bethenod; the Hungarians, Halmagyi and Langer; the Americans, Ranger, Carlson, Young and Hitchcock; and the Russian, Ananiew; while the pioneer work of the American, Cahill, although performed at the close of last century, before the thermionic valve and loudspeaker became available, should never be forgotten.

Wallington

J. L.

A New Film Society

I am organising a film society with the purpose of giving Sunday evening shows of silent and sound revivals of great merit. The first show is to be given on Sunday, October 15, at the Forum Cinema, Villiers Street, Trafalgar Square. The German version of the beautiful 'City of Song' is to be shown, and also the celebrated fourteen-year-old classic 'Cabinet of Dr. Caligari', with Werner Krauss and Conrad Veidt. The cinema will be open to the public. The show commences at 6 p.m. (doors open at 5.30) and there will be two performances (continuous).

The policy of showing one silent and one talkie revival will be continued on all following Sundays until further notice is given. These programmes will be of special interest, especially to young students of the cinema, who have most likely never seen any of the old silent masterpieces. Silent bookings which have definitely been secured include: 'Metropolis', 'Le Passion de Jeanne D'Arc', 'Turksib', 'Manon Lescaut', 'Faust', 'Woman in the Moon', 'The General Line', 'Shooting Stars', 'Wonderful Lie', 'Hungarian Rhapsody', 'Drifters', 'Vaudeville', 'Seashell', 'The Clergyman', and many abstract and short features.

42 Windermere Avenue, N.W.6

MAURICE HATZFELD

'Metamorphosis of Ajax'

In the issue of THE LISTENER for August 30 I was interested to read Mr. Frederick Etchells' review of Mr. John Betjeman's book *Ghastly Good Taste*. In his article, Mr. Etchells states, as an illustration of the fact that man is changing in his habits of living, that Mr. Betjeman rightly reminds us that 'only a hundred years ago a water-closet was not heard of'. Is it a fact, however, that Mr. Betjeman is right? The late Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his vignette of Sir John Harrington in *Portraits in Miniature*, gives an amusing account of how in 1591 Sir John Harrington 'in an inspired moment' invented the water-closet. This invention was presented by Sir John to Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by a Rabelaisian treatise on its construction and usage, entitled 'The Metamorphosis of Ajax'. The diagrams of the invention given in the 'Metamorphosis' surely go to prove conclusively that it was constructed on sufficiently 'modern' lines to entitle it to the fame of being the first 'water'-closet! The Queen herself was so struck with Sir John Harrington's device that she had one installed in Richmond Palace, together with a copy of the 'Metamorphosis of Ajax' hanging on the wall.

In the light of this evidence, would not Mr. Betjeman be justified in attributing man's personal interest in his environment to a far earlier time than the beginning of the Victorian era?

Winnipeg, Canada

W. C. E. WISEMAN

The Torment of Noise

The ultimate paragraph of the Science Notes in your issue of September 27 seems to provide a basis for discussion. It is stated, *inter alia*, that nervous and mental disorders are not extensively caused by noise, but that noise can utterly destroy the happiness of rest and quiet. Now that statement might be construed as being paradoxical, for, if the happiness of rest and quiet be destroyed, surely nervous and even mental troubles follow as a natural sequence. 'The imaginative process involved in getting used' to noise is the real destroyer of the enjoyment of rest and quiet. The mind has spent weeks or even months repressing the desire to scream every time a tram passes outside. By the time that repression becomes as it were automatic, another milestone on the road to neurasthenia will have been

passed. Looked at in this light, noise becomes a direct contributor to the total of influences that go to bring about nervous and mental disorders.

Tranent

M. DE V. PENNEFATHER

Danger of Cold Draughts

In the Science Notes in THE LISTENER of September 27, harmlessness and harmfulness of exposure to draughts of cold air are discussed. The question is too important to be summarily dismissed. Free ventilation of the room is essential, but draughts of cold air are both unnecessary and harmful and there can be no doubt that stiff neck, lumbago and even pneumonia are common results of exposure to cold currents of air, in the room especially. It is the fashion to attribute infection solely to the entrance of a special microbe, whereas a suitable 'soil' in which it may flourish and be enabled to carry out its sinister work is equally important. Among the many ways of rendering the human subject liable to infection, undue exposure to cold holds a prominent place.

Mill Hill

C. W. C.

Vulgarity in Art

I agree with everything Mr. Read says about vulgarity in art, but the real antithesis of art is surely not vulgarity, but repetition. By repetition I mean the copying and attempted re-creation (often in a totally different medium) of former or contemporary artistic expression. As Mr. Read himself says, there are many grades of vulgarity; some of which possess very definite æsthetic merit. Does repetition ever possess æsthetic merit? It is invariably the fundamental cause of inappropriateness, pretension, and Mr. Read's 'dishonest vulgarity'. Nearly all the objects chosen as illustrations to Mr. Read's article last week,—for instance the paper-rack with its imitation Gothic decoration—were attempts at inappropriately copying earlier or contemporary forms of artistic expression. And, in the last 100 years, machinery has made this far more possible than ever before, until today it is imperative that we work out new artistic expressions for our new resources.

Lastly, art is surely individual expression and creation, and can obviously never intentionally repeat itself.

Wimbledon Park

S. C. SMITH

Mr. Read and the Meaning of Words

I hope you will allow me space for an answer to Mr. Read's reply on the subject of Frith, because this habit of phrase-mongering to tickle the ears is much on the increase and highly prejudicial to the interests of constructive criticism. I never supposed that Mr. Read recommended a *literal* use of words, but the distinction that he draws between *literal* and *exact* does not justify the epithets 'drab and Dickensian' applied to Frith: bearing in mind the distinction, they are extremely inexact. If Mr. Read really takes Frith's spirit to have been 'of a dull light-brown or yellowish colour', it is worse than if he confessed to being colour blind; which I thought the more charitable hypothesis. I can only suppose that he has never read the *Autobiography* of that jocund, naïve and opinionated Victorian. How does it consort with an exact use of words to say that a man's spirit is drab when he has unmistakably displayed himself as gifted with immense animal spirits, bubbling over with the joy of life?

But it is the larger implications of the phrase with which I am mainly concerned: it is typical of a method. First, the critic pronounces the picture drab, or what you will, because to him it fails to reveal the right kind of sensibility; then he goes on to argue that the artist must have been drab also, for, of course, the picture is the expression of his mind—or, if Mr. Read prefers it—of his intuition. Much of modern criticism rests on just such *a priori* reasoning, and perhaps the sceptical analysis of a single phrase may serve to suggest how hazardous are the deductions. The worst of it is that one cannot banish the suspicion that in most of such phrases there is no intellectual content at all: they are a smoke-screen thrown out to conceal the void that lies behind.

Highgate

RALPH EDWARDS

Miró's 'Femme Assise'

I feel that I cannot let Mr. W. R. F. Avery's letter in your issue of September 27 go unchallenged; it reveals such a small-minded point of view. That he should condemn an artist's work at secondhand, as he does, on the merits of a somewhat smudgy process block, hardly justifies your correspondent in his remarks.

Strange as it may sound to Mr. Avery, Miró's work quite justifies the expression 'delightful'; he possesses a very charming sense of colour and design, and in some aspects his work is no more difficult to understand than that of Bosch—indeed, at the recent exhibition in London of his work there were one or two pictures, notably a 'Flemish Interior', which reminded me very forcibly of that artist. Mr. Avery says he sought in vain for a head, torso, or limbs in the 'Femme Assise'. My

answer to him is that had he been writing of the actual picture I should say he had merely been using his eyes and not his intelligence. However, the task of appreciating such a work of art is not as easy from a photographic reproduction, and in that respect I feel that you would have been wiser to reproduce the 'Flemish Interior', mentioned above, which would lose less in the translation from colour to black and white. I can only suggest that Mr. Avery should make a point of seeing Miró's work in the original and that he should go armed with the knowledge that, while some pictures can be understood by merely looking at them, there are others in which the appeal is to the mind—that is, the picture merely acts as a vehicle between the artist's mind and that of the observer. It is in this latter class that I would place Miró's paintings, and I have no hesitation in saying that if this attitude be adopted in examining them, Miró's manner of expressing himself is perfectly justified.

Naturally, I suppose, there will always be an outcry against an art which makes some mental demands upon the observer, and there will always be people like Mr. Avery who see in a tree nothing but a tree—and by that admission define the limits of their powers of imagination.

South Kensington

HUGH S. T. DEANE

[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Memoirs of the Unemployed

In your issue of September 27 you give an interesting analysis by Miss Ruth Bowley of household budgets of several unemployed families. Conditions are bad enough without exaggeration, even if unintentional. The deductions as regards calorie shortage are not correct. The figure she uses (3,000 calories *per diem*) is the assumed need of the average *employed* man, i.e., a man expending energy, over and above his basal needs, in the performance of an average good day's work at his trade. Miss Bowley is not justified in using this figure for the food requirements of an unemployed man. Even 3,000 calories for the average employed man is probably on the high side (see *Quarterly Bulletin of the Health Organisation of the League of Nations*, Vol. I, No. 3, September, 1932). Further, the last word on the necessary protein content of diets has not yet been said.

Glasgow

E. P. CATHCART

In Mr. John Reid's letter, which appeared in your issue of September 27, he questions the possibility of a man being sacked for elongating a hole while drilling. May I suggest that Mr. Reid has no practical experience of the engineering trade or of the standards of accuracy exacted therein? Does he not realise that this particular 'elongated hole' may have meant the scrapping of a complicated casting on which a considerable amount of machining and other work may have been expended? Any engineer will confirm me when I say that for a man to be discharged for such a fault is by no means unusual; I have had nearly twenty years' experience in engineering shops, and I have known men sacked for similar faults.

One other point: in any up-to-date works an 'oiler' is employed—usually a member of the millwrights' department—and it is his job to see that machinery is lubricated properly; the machine operator himself would probably be 'choked off' by the chargehand if he went wandering around the shop looking for an oilcan instead of getting on with his job. That, I think, disposes of the 'lazy workman who will ruin a good machine,' etc., who figures in the letter mentioned.

As I do not own a 'nice little property' I am not in a position to criticise the remainder of Mr. Reid's screed; I suspect, however, that it is as ill-founded as the portion I have queried.

Kenton

H. S. MILLEN

Few people with a knowledge of the work the Maternity and Child Welfare Centres are doing would deny the need for a considerable extension of such public service, but when your correspondent, Enid Roberts, carries her enthusiasm to the pitch of stating that 'the fundamental cause of such conditions [poverty and overcrowding] is a lack of knowledge of birth control', one must protest. Any child would tell you that 'the basic problem which confronts the poor' is poverty, and it is difficult to see how a knowledge of contraception can strike at the root of this. It is something far more malignant than the lack of such knowledge which allows a state of society to go on reproducing conditions of poverty and enforced idleness side by side with world-wide overproduction. Remedies of the kind Miss Roberts advances, by throwing dust in our eyes, blind us to the deeper issues, and perpetuate the very conditions she is trying to remove.

Great Missenden

S. J. TREANAM

Modern Poetry

I read with patience Mr. Davies' most recent article on 'Reading the Modern Poets'. He quotes the criticism of Mr. Eastman, who complained that Mr. Eliot 'talks to himself', and comments: 'For myself I should hesitate long before I accused anyone of such perverse and senseless behaviour'. May I respectfully submit that Mr. Davies has hesitated too long? If the printed specimen of Mr. Eliot's verse is representative, then to my mind he is guilty of such behaviour. I cannot see that Mr.

Davies throws any light on the matter. Mr. Eliot, he says, uses quotation from other poets as a means of poetic magic, and to read a poem as magic we should read it normally, avoiding too much analysis, and gaining a more or less simultaneous apprehension of all possible meanings. So far, so good. Then we are told that to enjoy this particular poem would entail a great deal of hard work and wide reading, for to understand Mr. Eliot we must read the poems quoted. Mr. Davies proceeds to illustrate, and with his help we discover various possible meanings. Mr. Eliot's words certainly make bald sense left alone, but alas, on referring to the echo, it stands revealed they have hidden import, and their implication is reversed! But to return: it seems obvious that Mr. Eliot's use of quotation cannot be understood without comparative analysis, for we cannot otherwise gain an apprehension of all his possible meanings. Does then Mr. Eliot use quotation to augment his meanings, as Mr. Davies shows—or as a means of magic, which Mr. Davies asserts? Could Mr. Eliot evoke poetic magic single-handed and have such magical effect on Mr. Davies? Again, seeing the poet has not got any special means of access to his own 'meaning', would not the issue be less complicated if Mr. Eliot refrained from quotation? In the words of Mr. Davies himself, let him 'write it as clearly as he can, and be satisfied with that'.

Finally, I feel sure that many people have discovered in Shakespeare, Dante, Donne, something of the thrill mentioned by Mr. Davies, quite apart from Mr. Eliot's efforts, and have even perceived their relevance to our own age.

Biyswater

F. H. GOWER

What I think many of your readers would like explained by Mr. Davies is something like this: when we were taught that

Queen, Queen Caroline
Washed her hands in turpentine—

—we understood it to be a record of an interesting historical event put into verse for mnemonic reasons. But we were not told that it was poetry. Why, then, does the quite uninteresting statement that

Mrs. Porter
And . . . her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water—

—suddenly become poetry?

Keighley

FRANCIS VILLY

Settled at Last?

With reference to an old and interesting dispute in the correspondence columns of THE LISTENER on the subject of bad poetry, originating in a famous couplet which was attributed to Alfred Austin, may I be permitted to quote the following paragraph and footnote from page 45 of *Seventy Years Among Savages* (1921), by Henry S. Salt (who was an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge, in '1873 and thereabouts')?

The annual competition for the English Prize Poem afforded another opportunity for nascent ambition. The subject one year was the recovery of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) from a serious illness; and it was this rather snobbish theme that drew from one of the competitors a couplet which went the round of a delighted University:

Flashed o'er the land the electric message came:
'He is not better, but he's much the same'.

And the footnote to the above:

I was not aware of these lines having appeared in print, until they were quoted by Sir Edward Cook in his *More Literary Recreations*, 1919. My version of them is slightly different from his; but I think my recollection is trustworthy.

These extracts may perhaps help to clear the memory of the much maligned Laureate, though I must confess to having found among his works lines of little better quality.

Crystal Palace

W. B. FAGG

Chemical Research at St. Andrews

Your Scottish correspondent (page 489 of your issue for October 4) should make sure of his facts before writing about the Scottish Universities. He is singularly misinformed. For example, the confident statement that at St. Andrews 'the Harkness money has provided an elaborate laboratory equipment to attract the chemical specialist' is utterly unfounded: not one penny of 'Harkness money' has been allocated to the Chemistry Department of the University of St. Andrews, either directly or indirectly, for any purpose whatsoever. If your correspondent would take the trouble to visit St. Andrews, or even to consult the University Calendar (page 491), he would learn that the chemical research laboratories in which his so-called 'chemical specialists' are trained were presented to the University as an endowed institution by a former occupant of the chair of chemistry—the late Professor Thomas Purdie. His sweeping and ill-conceived remarks concerning other matters, such as the alleged decline of 'humane letters' in the Scottish Universities, also call for amendment. You will agree that you owe it to the institutions concerned to give to an immediate correction of these grave misstatements a prominence equal to that which you gave to the original communication.

JOHN READ

Chemistry Department, St. Andrews University

Pattern



A print in the negative from a photograph by Professor Moholy-Nagy

Unemployment from the Doctors' Angle

Clinical reports and observations by a physician on some effects of unemployment on the health and psychology of its victims

HUMAN beings are intricate organisms, differing one from another, and their precise reaction in any particular set of circumstances can never with certainty be predicted. The effects of unemployment upon the individual are necessarily complicated, not only on this account, but also because other factors may at the same time operate as contributory causes in his particular mental state. Increasingly numerous are the cases of mental illness, in the causation of which unemployment has played a crucial part.

This is not the place to give a detailed and elaborate survey of the complex psychic processes involved. The new psychology, itself embryonic, has been too busy with the problems of the genesis of individual psychic illnesses to devote much attention to broad social factors such as unemployment; while social workers, politicians, and others interested in the problem have been for the most part actuated by motives such as expediency, the relief of immediate distress, the allaying of social unrest. They are necessarily not conversant with the buried factors underlying character—the family situation, social position, etc., which, under stress of economic dependency, contribute to the development of psychoneurosis. These opposite angles of approach need correlating, and much research must be undertaken before sufficient knowledge is acquired to deal with the situation.

During work with the mentally sick at clinics and in private practice, I have been impressed with the significant effects of unemployment upon the individual. I have also gathered material bearing on the problem from friends, acquaintances, and other available sources of information, and, as a result, I have been driven to the following broad conclusions.

1. Unemployment is often the immediate cause of a severe psychic illness.

2. It undermines the character of the affected individual, destroys the socialising influences of training, and alters his attitude to life. These destructive changes, often irremediable and progressive, may be briefly summarised: When a man is unemployed, there is no external outlet for his energies. He becomes aware that he is not a free agent. He is compelled to receive a meagre allowance from others—relatives, friends, usually the state. He is driven into himself, experiences an acute sense of isolation, and begins to build his life on the phantasies which spring up in the mind of the bitterly disappointed. He feels hatred against those who have insulted him, humiliated him, and compelled him to beg for work. Phantasies of revenge struggle with a sense of impotence; phantasies of power with the loss of real ability. Desire and reality are constantly at odds.

The hopeless struggle combined with a sense of worthlessness and guilt may drive some to suicide. Others accept the position by blinding their sensibilities, adapting themselves to a low standard of life. Large numbers take to vagrancy or crime. To some religion is a sufficient consolation. Others develop delusions of greatness which compensate them for their degraded position. In attempting to act out these phantasies they draw on large numbers of similarly affected people. Diseases of thought and behaviour are as infectious as influenza, and the epidemic can assume the same proportions in the one case as in the other. Hence the possibility of mass neuroses, whole communities acting under the sway of persecutory and megalomaniac phantasies. Illnesses of this kind may appear almost incredible to the lay public. To the medical profession they are becoming increasingly commonplace.

The continued and, to the unemployed worker, apparently unalterable fact of unemployment often frustrates curative efforts. There comes a time during treatment of such cases when work specially devised with a therapeutic aim is a necessity. The patient is incapable of facing the strain of competitive industry, even if he should be fortunate enough to have a job offered to him. Yet, without work of some kind, he cannot hope to re-establish his self-confidence, find an outlet for his creative energies, and regain the feeling that he is worth while and not merely a burden to himself and to others.

Perhaps a brief description of typical cases may serve to show the gravity and complexity of the psychic changes initiated by unemployment, and to throw a clearer light on some of the more commonly involved factors:

CASE A—A single man, aged 40. A printer. As a young man, proud of his health, clean living, with ideals of physical culture, striving after the best in life generally. Early in the War wounded, captured and kept a prisoner for the greater part of the War. As a result of the hardship he endured he developed tuberculosis in one lung. On returning to England he was eventually discharged as unfit and given a pension. On this he supported himself, his mother, and his paralysed father. At first all his efforts to get work failed on account of his health. He felt he was not wanted, worthless, an outcast; his country had used him as cannon fodder and then thrown him on the scrap heap to rot. He, once so proud of his strength and independence, could not

reconcile himself to sickness and dependence. By nature exceptionally brave and persevering, he applied for job after job. Though his physical health gradually improved, he was always turned down on account of his record. The world became an alien and hateful place. His own injured self-esteem was so great that wherever he went he thought people were looking at him, despising him, sneering and laughing at him. These feelings alternated with passionate rages in which he felt that the slightest provocation would incite him to run amok and attack people furiously and indiscriminately. If anyone jostled him in the street it was a deliberate affront. A casual glance from a passer-by was one of contempt. And all the time he held these feelings in check. As a result he was in a state of intense nervous tension. The slightest effort—going into the street, a shop, a restaurant—made him sweat with fear. This state was accompanied by continuous profound depression, sleeplessness, and a *compulsion to think* furiously and without cessation on every problem of life. He is so lacking in self-confidence that, even if he had the chance of a job, he feels he would be unable to manage it.

CASE B—A single girl aged 19. Four years a comptometer operator. Fair at her work without being exceptional. When the slump came she was thrown out of work. At that time she was in perfect health. Soon afterwards she developed pains in the right arm which grew more acute; she used the arm less and less, and finally it became paralysed. She then stated generally that she could not work because of the paralysis, that, in fact, she had given up her work on this account. Analysis of the state of her mind revealed that she could not face up to the shame of having lost her job. To rehabilitate herself in her own esteem she became ill, which enabled her to believe, and to make others believe, that she was out of work through physical incapacity. After some months her mother scraped together enough money to open a small shop for her. At once her arm became quite well. There is no doubt that, had she remained out of work, the illness would have persisted and spread. Finally she would probably have become a chronic neurotic and dependent, incapable in any circumstances of working for her living, always ill. There are thousands of such cases. It will be seen that the effort resulting in her resumption of work and her cure came from an outside source, not from herself. Left to her own devices she would without doubt have remained sick and idle.

CASE C—A single man, aged 28. Engineer. Lost his first job after six months owing to closing down of firm. Subsequently could only secure temporary positions during busy periods. His elder brother was a successful professional man and contributed to the support of the family. His sisters all worked and maintained themselves. Between his jobs he found life at home very pleasant, and gradually sank into an indolent though cheerful attitude. He had enough money (the dole) for amusements (pictures, tennis, bathing, etc.) and he failed to grasp the necessity for independence. His efforts to find work became less frequent and less energetic, and he only occasionally exerted himself to secure the continuance of the dole. In short, he regressed to the happy childhood state of dependence on the mother. He is happy, provided that he is maintained and sheltered. But he has become a permanent liability, and has lost initiative and self-dependence. Withdrawal of family or state support may precipitate a nervous breakdown or lead to vagrancy.

CASE D—A married man, aged 30. Journalist. Worked hard and was successful, earning large income. Then his paper crashed. After considerable difficulty he found work on another paper. Again he did well and his income rose as high as before. He was unfortunate. The second paper changed ownership, and he was once more thrown out of his job. He now began to suffer almost continuous petty worries. He had difficulty in meeting tradesmen's bills, paying rent, educating his children. It was only with the utmost perseverance that he succeeded in getting occasional free-lance work accepted, and the pay was poor. He was in a continual state of uncertainty as to his income, and soon fell heavily into debt. He became an obsessed grumbler. His nerves were frayed and he was irritable and sensitive. He alternated between bouts of intense self-reproach and self-depreciation and compensating boastfulness and bullying. Under the strain his wife became ill. He feels belittled and ashamed, sympathises with his wife and yet has no patience with her.

CASE E—A young man, aged 26. His naturally vivid imagination found an appropriate outlet in sensational journalism. He lost his job, could not get work, and found himself penniless. He reacted to the misery of his situation by greatly increased phantasy activity. He gave free rein to his imagination and created the most extraordinary adventures in which he always played the most prominent part. He told artistic stories of intimate conversations, negotiations, plots and counter-plots with great personages. He related hair-raising adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The world he creates is more real to him than the everyday world around him.

Russian Survey

The Great Offensive. By Maurice Hindus. Gollancz. 5s.

Reviewed by SIR BERNARD PARES

IT IS, OF COURSE, DIFFICULT to follow closely the trend of developments in Russia if the conditions of regular correspondence are such that nearly all the best foreign correspondents have sooner or later found them impossible. This difficulty is only complicated by the records of short and escorted visits undertaken without a knowledge of Russian. The Soviet press, in periods of communist advance, is peculiarly plain-spoken and is far the best source of information. But we must be very grateful to such a writer as Mr. Maurice Hindus, who has not only a most intimate and extensive knowledge of his old country, but so great a gift of literary description. When I say description, I am thinking in the first place of his brilliant pictures of mass conversations in a Russian village; anyone who knows the Russian peasants must even feel that he is present.

Pictures are Mr. Hindus' forte, but not general surveys and estimates. This distinction must govern my view of the value of his four notable books on contemporary Russia. *Broken Earth*, Mr. Hindus' account of his first return to the village of his childhood after the revolution, is a great human document, a series of vivid pictures, as seen from one or another individual angle, of the vastness, the poignancy and the great purpose of the changes that have taken place. In *Humanity Uprooted* we have nothing so concrete; it is more of an attempt to cover the whole country and philosophise over the whole subject, and several of Mr. Hindus' deductions, as seen in the light of other more serious information on the subject, seem to be short-sighted and wrong; for all that, the great issue is well and plainly put before the reader. *Red Bread* seemed to me the best of all Mr. Hindus' books. He returned again to his own village just as it was passing through that most tragic and fateful experience known as collectivisation, and he could hear and understand, as hardly anyone but an intimate could have done, the poignant feelings of friends of his own boyhood who were now under the hammer. Several chapters of this book are brilliant: 'the Voice of the Mass', 'the Koolack', 'the Puzzled Little Father', 'the Landlord Herdman', and 'A New Girl'.

After *Red Bread*, *The Great Offensive* comes as a return to Mr. Hindus' other method, in which he is much less effective and gives much less of value. There are here two passages of great vividness and beauty, such as the following life-like description of a Siberian landscape:

Steppe rolling as far as I could see and merging now into forest and now into sky; patches of silvery birch gliding past like gleams of lightning; clusters of sombre evergreens fading away like passing shadows; here and there a hillock; a lake sinking from view with a sparkle.

But a number of his judgments are plainly, in the light of other evidence, superficial, and in some of them one feels even a lack of sincerity. One knows well how difficult is the task, but if the writer feels that he has to take first account of what his hosts will tolerate, he is no less governed by what his public at home can accept, and it is precisely on this rock that one notable foreign correspondent in Russia after another, from Scheffer to Muggeridge, has split in the end and resolved to come out and say all that he really thinks without restrictions of any kind.

The most important subject treated by Mr. Hindus is collectivisation, and his account simply will not hold water in the light of other facts—not so much his account as his final summary, his balance, his estimate of the future. He refers again with the same sympathy to the population of about five millions in all, which has been literally uprooted simply because these people were farmers in the sense in which we understand the word; but if we take only Stalin's frank admission in his speech of January 7 this year, we see that the forcedly silent protest of the peasantry goes far wider than this five million, and that all the difficulties which confronted the communists before collectivisation have reappeared inside the collectivised farms. After all, Russia is a peasant country, the population is over a hundred and sixty millions, and the communists, if we exclude mere children, are themselves not five million; but the main fact is that they are fighting human nature and not

merely any definite class; and the results up to date, including famine in wide areas, cannot possibly justify the conclusion either that communist collectivisation is a superior method of agriculture or that it has come to stay.

This is the principal issue of the moment, but on other points Mr. Hindus leaves an equally misleading impression. In a chapter which deals almost exclusively with the Baptists, he lightly lays it down that religion throughout the Orthodox Church of Russia is in a state of final collapse. One has only to read the highly intelligent and well-informed speeches and writings of the leader of the Godless, Mr. Yaroslavsky, to see that this is an entirely false picture of the situation. It is on the contrary evident, as was to have been expected, that the Russian Church, now placed on a congregational basis, where the parish has to act and suffer for its convictions, has a much greater spiritual content than before. To quote the communist ex-Commissary of Education, Lunacharsky: 'Religion is like a nail, and the harder you hit it the deeper it goes into the wood'. Five years of active persecution, renewed after an abortive attempt, are not going to extinguish the idea of God in Russia.

On one other point, which is a matter of greater discrimination, one feels that there is something lacking in Mr. Hindus' account. He is himself just one of those who has made real to us the tremendous enthusiasm and energy and self-sacrifice of whole numbers of the Komsomol when they recaptured the crusading spirit in the first years of the Five Year Plan. Our evidence shows that, with the obvious failure to achieve the results promised in so short a time, there is a serious lagging in this enthusiasm, which is anyhow the subject of grave and frequent complaints in the communist press.

Mr. Hindus' last chapter is the best in the book. Under the heading 'The Collapse of World Revolution', he argues with evident force that the old bogey need no longer trouble the capitalist world. It would be no prejudice to Mr. Hindus to note that this argument is now peculiarly in place in America, where the question of recognition is being seriously considered. He says nothing which is not reasonable and much that is very convincing as to the disappearance of this bogey. He shows that the undoubted temporary failure of capitalist economics, the very thing which the communists in their first ardour would have welcomed, has not been able to serve them now, and like any sensible prophet at such a time, he leaves the question of the future open, with a few shrewd indications of various directions which it may take.

Last Word to Childhood

Ice-cold fear has slowly decreased
as my bones have grown, my height increased.
Though I shiver in snow of dreams, I shall never
freeze again in a noonday terror.

I shall never break, my sinews crumble
as God-the-headmaster's fingers fumble
at the other side of unopening doors
which I watch for a hundred thousand years.

I shall never feel my thin blood leak
while darkness lifts a paw to strike
or Nothing beats an approaching drum
behind my back in a silent room.

I shall never, alone, meet the end of my world
at the bend of a path, the turn of a wall:
never, or once more only, and
that will be once and an end of end.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Broadcasting. By Hilda Matheson. Home University Library. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

A BOOK ON BROADCASTING appearing in one of the best known popular series of handbooks, and written by a former official of the B.B.C. with over five years' experience of programme work, is sure to be read with attention by listeners who want to hear well-informed accounts of the great invention which is still such a marvel and blessing in most homes. Can it be said that Miss Matheson's book supplies a fairly complete and balanced account of the subject as a whole, or is it rather to be taken as a stimulating study of certain aspects of broadcasting only, coloured and informed by the author's own experiences but suffering a little from a certain limitation of outlook? The book proves indeed, if proof were needed, how difficult it has already become for any one individual to produce a comprehensive survey of the new medium of broadcasting. Those who have not taken actual part in the work themselves are handicapped through lack of first-hand knowledge, whilst those who have must struggle hard to avoid the danger of over-emphasising that part of the picture with which they themselves are familiar. In this book, for instance, we have an account of broadcasting constructed on a framework sympathetic to the intellectual but hardly, we fear, recognisable by the ordinary low-brow listener. Probably nine-tenths of the listeners today, as from the beginning of wireless, think of it primarily as a medium of entertainment. But Miss Matheson treats of 'the spoken word' as its central feature, and compresses 'entertainment' into less than twenty pages in a book of nearly two hundred and fifty. There are many good points in her discussion of the broadcast talk with all its variations in the form of education, news, literary readings, public announcements, and so forth. The difficulties of programme-building, the problems of the broadcaster, and the tastes of the listener, are discussed in ways that will certainly illuminate and stimulate many readers. But music, which after all occupies some two-thirds of the world's broadcast programmes, receives far less attention than the talks; drama comes in as an adjunct to literature; while religion is not mentioned at all. We fear that the reader who took his opinions about broadcasting from this book alone would carry away a lop-sided impression. He would not, to begin with, have been told much about the basis of broadcasting as expressed in the B.B.C.'s Charter. Nor would he know even that the monopoly in Britain was not permanent but temporary and renewable. Nor would he have had explained to him the system ensuring on the one hand a measure of Parliamentary control and on the other a wide scope of independence of administration. He could not have deduced the existence of a Regional alongside of the National programme, nor been made aware of the special problems associated with regional broadcasting. He would be unaware of the existence of the B.B.C. publications and the part they play in developing an informed opinion concerning broadcasting; and whilst he would find much about the international value of broadcasting, he might be disappointed to find such scanty references to the new Empire service and its possibilities. In short, Miss Matheson's book is a vignette rather than a full-sized portrait, and unfortunately the view-finder is not quite accurate, and several of the characteristics of the sitter have been lost in the penumbra at the edge of the print.

Trekking On. By Deneys Reitz. Faber. 15s.

Following on *Commando*, Colonel Reitz' second book *Trekking On* takes up the tale after the Peace of Vereeniging. He describes two or three years of exile in Madagascar, then finds his way to Pretoria and after qualifying in law, in 1908, sets up in practice in Heilbron in the Free State. The subsequent five years are wholly occupied in the transactions of the local community and in the conflicts of political argument inevitable among the Boer Dutch. The Nationalist movement growing in opposition to the Government of Botha and Smuts gave rise in fact to bitter divisions, splitting families; and when at the close of 1913 the *commandos* were called out to control the miners' strike on the Rand, the spirit was then manifest among them that found vent in the rebellion of the following year. Lawyer Reitz in his Free State dorp was in a political minority very definitely, and when the rebels were gathering to arms in October, 1914, inevitably he was a fugitive. After the dispersal, however, of de Wet's forces in the Free State by Botha, in which Reitz participated, he joined Smuts in South-West Africa and there began in earnest the campaigning that took him subsequently to East Africa and then to France. In November, 1918, as Colonel of the 1st Royal Scots, he rode at the head of his battalion among the first of the British troops to enter Germany after the Armistice.

The charm of his narrative is in its unsophisticated style that records with apparently artless ease the sequence of strenuous and exciting events. Moreover, these are lit up here

and there by particular details observed, by the unstressed description of which the mind is arrested for a moment and the flow of incidents thereby held up to contrast. These gain their significance also by such quiet strokes, and the narrative in consequence its balance. 'At this distance, the shell-fire lay soft and fleecy over the line, like a riband of mist, and it was hard to believe that under that delicate tracery men were killing and maiming each other'. And in East Africa: 'For two days we fought our way through dense forest, mostly along elephant paths, though these sagacious creatures had disappeared, leaving the jungle to mankind and his follies'. Moreover, one finds phrases scattered about so good as this: 'bullets swishing through the rain', and aeroplanes 'streaming along the sky like a flight of cranes'. Also there are memorable little pictures of character thrown off by the way, such as that of old Coen Brits, which perhaps is the best. But in making the book a 'personal record', Colonel Reitz has made it too personal and allowed himself curiously to hamper its unity by facts and incidents included simply because they were encountered by himself. In fact these are not infrequently simply naïve. This is particularly evident in the opening pages, so that the development is slow, while the seven chapters on the fighting in France become definitely too long through this lack of selection. They linger on, while covering also ground so well and variously described before. On beginning to read one had hoped to find that Colonel Reitz had suitably compressed his campaigning adventures (the record though of the 1914 rebellion and of the two African campaigns are most valuable), and had brought us through another twelve years to 1930. The light that he might so well throw on the inner affairs of the Union during those years could be invaluable—a record by one of such a generous mind as *Commando* and this book prove, of essential happenings in a country where bitterness is all too common. And surely a full 'trekking on' after *Commando* should include encountering that fundamental adventure of South Africa, the relationship between White and Black? But we simply learn from two or three early incidents that Reitz was given 'food for thought' on this important matter; but nothing else arrives. Yet at the Armistice he had been deeply moved: 'I saw the beginning of a new era for the world and for my country'. Certainly it is to be hoped that in a future edition Colonel Reitz will compress this present volume and then add to it, as perhaps he alone could do, a mirror of other essential South African years.

The Paris Front. By Michel Corday. Gollancz. 18s.

In *The Paris Front*, M. Corday has pruned his War diary down to about 140,000 words and given it to the world, encouraged thereto by Mr. H. G. Wells, without further modification. In effect, it is mainly a diatribe against war by a well-known French author of broad pacifist tendency, and, throughout the book, the event to which he refers, the conversations which he records, or the official activities which he criticises and condemns, form solid supports on which he hangs his infuriated opinions. The book is the other side of war, remote from actual fighting, and the curious thing is that, excepting for purely French, and Parisian, atmospheric densities, it might, in its general context, be equally applicable to London and, for the matter of that, to Berlin, Rome, Vienna or any other capital. The purely French phases are, for instance, anti-Republican sentiment, real or suspected, by many set in high places, not excepting certain Staff Officers and their Chiefs; the presence of Catholic revivalism in the army at large, due to the conscription of priests, uniformed peasantry in the trenches, and genuine religious faith, unmuffled by the fact of war; the needless pain and suffering resulting from the absence of official casualty lists; the mutinies of 1916, to which many interesting references are made; and, especially, the tyranny, almost unbelievable, of the counter-espionage organisation. Otherwise, all the familiar whispering and muttering, with and against the current, indulged in by the Londoner to vent his war-induced emotions, we find, in these pages, almost exactly duplicated in Paris. We have, as example, the same appalling scenes in the Metro, during an air raid, as were experienced in the Underground; and the same hooliganism and coward selfishness on the part of certain male elements of population. Flag days plagued Parisians as they did Londoners. The French War Office suffered under the same accusations of shortsightedness, conservatism and stupidity as did ours, and the same applies to the High Commands on both sides. Political intrigue, the rise and fall of Governments, and the self-seeking of politicians were never-ending subjects of discussion in one capital as in the other. Decoration fever ran just as high with the French officer as with the British. Lastly, the Staff Officers and minor Generals on both sides knew nothing of what went on in the trenches, cared less, and were only concerned, cringingly, to execute superior orders. A diary of this day-to-day sort is bound to become like a congested dust-bin, for the writer, allowed no play to his imaginative vein, unconsciously kinks his jottings to

suit his own particular state of mind, in this case a fervent hatred of war. His genius becomes a critical machine and, in everything, he can only see the worst.

There are some delicious comments on ourselves as allies here and there. The British, as usual, are not on time; are falling back; are prepared to die to the last Frenchman, and so on. 'Wisecracks' are supplied by Tristan Bernard, a famous Parisian wit. A more stilted humour is occasionally indulged by the author himself; while Anatole France, always on the point of expressing himself on paper to the nation, moves like a glow-worm whose light is growing dim across the pages. It is to be doubted whether the book will command a wide circle of readers. But this it will do! It will arouse in those who do read it an ever-growing wonder that the world of 1914-18 could have been so childish and mad and bad.

Rolling Round the Horn. By Claude Muncaster

Rich and Cowan. 15s.

Mr. Muncaster shipped from Melbourne in the four-masted barque *Olivebank*, partly because he wanted to learn about the blue-water sailor's life at first hand, and partly that, as an artist, he might depict one of the last surviving windjammers in action. The result—the text and illustrations of this book—is a record valuable because it may never be repeatable. As he says, the *Olivebank* was 'merely a more efficient *Santa Maria*, a better *Golden Hind*, and not so very different aloft from the *Victory*'. Life aboard her is interesting—apart from the thrill of adventure for its own sake—as the reflection of life in these older and more famous vessels, of the centuries of seafaring men who battled with wind and time and weather before the coming of the steamer and the luxury liner. The picture of a sailing ship sweeping majestically before the breeze under all sail is a romantic one, but life on board her may be compounded more of gruelling work, worry and discomfort than of pure romance. Mr. Muncaster is alive to both. Being an artist he is quick to catch flashes of beauty in the 'wet decks glistening in the sunshine', the mist on the sea, and the first glimpse of Ireland, 'lying peacefully under the sunrise of a perfect May morning, the green tops of the mountains illumined by the rays, and the soft scent of earth drifting over the sea'. But he gives us, too, the scene below—'lines of damp clothes hanging up in a forlorn optimism of drying; the floorboards damp and cold, the bulkheads clammy and rusty; the ooze and water which dropped into one's bunk and stained one's pyjamas or made blankets and mattress feel more like sponges'. And at the end of the story we are left with a sense of sheer monotony, cramped and wearisome, in which the petty quarrels of the fo'c'sle or the killing of a pig loom as large as the constant struggle against the forces outside. This may be because Mr. Muncaster is a better artist with a brush or camera than with a pen; but at least he gives a faithful chronicle of life at sea, enlivened by some good character sketching of the captain and crew; and leaves us with an increased respect for the generations of men who went down to the sea in these gallant, shapely and pitifully frail old sailing ships.

New Symphonies. By E. H. W. Meyerstein

Poetry Bookshop. 5s.

Ballet Suite. By W. Bernard. O.U.P. 5s.

Reconstruction. By Randall Swingler. Blackwell. 1s.

The subject-matter of all these three writers is largely the moral and social situations which particularly affect this age. Mr. Bernard and Mr. Swingler are strongly influenced in their respective ways by the technique and outlook of other contemporaries. Mr. Meyerstein is the most interesting of the three. He is a mature writer who published poetry as early as 1915; he has his own style and a coherent background of beliefs for what he writes. *New Symphonies* is a set of essays in verse, some of them in dialogue form. They express a hatred for present-day materialistic ideals, and for the wireless and the Press and such substitutes for true spiritual satisfaction, one of whose forms is religion. They are 'essays' because they have seldom caught fire and turned into poetry. Too often they could be summed up adequately enough under such headings as: 'Joining the Catholic Church', 'The Need for Reform in Criminal Law', 'Mechanisation'. Yet the heading, 'Capital Punishment', would be quite inadequate to sum up a poem by A. E. Housman. Poetry clearly eludes such titles. It belongs to a level of consciousness where they do not properly apply, and where it is not one of your first impulses—as it is when you read Symphony No. 5, which deals with the nature of woman—to stop and ask, 'Is this true?' The device of changing the metre to suit new aspects of the poem's subject-matter helps, as done here, to hold the reader's interest, but does not always express any internal need of the poem and seems rather artificial. Still, the writer's artificiality must be supported by anyone who wants to read him at his best; as he is in the beautiful poem on the death of Mme. Pavlova. A very artificial poem is his ode on the death of Harold Monro, which is downright irritating because of its archaisms.

It contains 'yond', 'o'er', 'kept troth', 'chaste poesy', 'oft'. It is surprising that it is not realised how such phrases can strike a chill through whole verses.

In *Ballet Suite* the intellect stands much less in the way of the poetry, but then the poetry has fewer intellectual resources to draw upon. The author is most at home when he is writing simple lyrics, with a subject seen through the medium of an ancient convention, and full of tired, over-exploited words and imagery. In other poems—the soliloquy of a rejected lover, or satirical treatments of the ambitions of a Jewish business man to be cultured—there is a surprising contrast, for they have a superficial but striking likeness to the work of T. S. Eliot. When he is in this vein, chiefly a satirical one, Mr. Bernard is in the modern world, and writes in a spritely way, though without much depth, on the inadequacy of scientific truth and the hypocrisy of fashionable society. Mr. Swingler, on the other hand, does not serve two masters; or if he does, the one is W. H. Auden and the other C. Day Lewis, to whom he is so faithful that he has denied himself the liberty to feel or write about anything at first hand. It is not impossible that he should emerge as a valuable writer after this period of absorption in the work of these two writers and of Hopkins. It is easy for a writer while he is admiring to be blind to how much he is dominated by other writers' work. Imitation may be due to a real appreciation of the original. At present Mr. Swingler is so dominated that as a writer he has virtually no identity at all.

In Place of Profit. By H. F. Ward. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

Youth in Soviet Russia. By Klaus Mehnert

Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

We are all thoroughly tired of the Russia of the newspaper correspondents and the holiday tourists. After all, people do live in Russia. Even there, in that paradise or inferno, all people cannot all the time be all a-dither with enthusiasm or hatred. Even Stalin must occasionally rest from speech-making and five-year-planning and heresy-hunting and persecuting. . . . The difficulty one encounters in so much of the writing about the U.S.S.R. is its sheer incredibility. To ask for 'the truth about Russia' is to make a joke: to believe that the Soviet regime is neither altogether good nor altogether bad is always high treason to somebody. What a good thing it would be if everybody who had to write or speak about the Soviet Union would really and truly try to abstain from propaganda, veiled or open, for a season! Or, if that is impossible, might they not at least declare their faith on the title-page? If that, too, cannot be achieved, had we not better form an association for the boycotting of soulful books about Russia? It is not commonsense to prefer ignorance to knowledge, but it is reasonable to ask that our knowledge be delivered objectively.

Objective presentation of the Russia that now is, is the aim of the two books here noticed. The first is a study of social incentives, the second a description of the patterns of behaviour of young people in Russia. Both Dr. Ward and Dr. Mehnert have an intimate knowledge of ordinary Russian people. They have lived with them in town and country, sharing their daily lot and seeking to know their inner lives as well as their response to the call of work in factory and party organisation. Thus understanding and knowledge are won together because they observe from the inside. In part the ground covered by these two studies is the same and it is worth noting that there is agreement in the descriptions given by their authors. To the reader who only knows the travellers' tales or the correspondents' articles in the English press—there are exceptions, but much English newspaper stuff is sheer poppycock—much in these books will be arresting, a good deal will be puzzling, and some will be repellent. The key to a great deal in the present Russian scene is given in a sentence of Dr. Mehnert's. 'There are', he writes, 'a hundred million people under twenty-five years of age today living in Soviet Russia'. Russia is a country of youngsters, and the things that would worry us do not worry them. The low levels of material comfort, the restless experimentation in economic organisation and in communal ways of living, the powerlessness of the older conventions, the lack of interest in the accumulation of personal possessions, the enthusiastic and often self-regardless exploration of means by which the common end can be made to prevail over the individual ambition, the curious willingness to believe that the life is more than the meat, the 'public school spirit', the fantastic inefficiencies, the ruthlessness of the pursuit of ideology in despite of commonsense, and the other multifarious—to us—anomalies of the present Russian regime, are expressions of revolutionary Russian youth. These things are given a moving and convincing description in Dr. Mehnert's pages. His accounts of student life, youth organisations, collectivised villages, morality and culture, literature and stage ring true. They are not idealised or written up, and there are unforgettable pictures in his pages. Dr. Ward's book is not so wide in its range. He is concerned more with industry, agriculture and government than with personal social relationships. But his analysis also is careful and reliable. And as neither of these writers is concerned to make Communists of us all, the books they have written are valuable and welcome.

French Literature of Today: André Malraux

ANDRÉ MALRAUX' novels, *Les Conquérants*, *La Voie Royale*, *La Condition Humaine*, are among the dozen important novels published in France since the War. Many hold that *La Condition Humaine* (just published by the Nouvelle Revue Française) is a novel of the importance of *La Chartreuse de Parme*. There are resemblances between the two: both are novels of intrigue and violence in strange lands, for Italy a century ago was a strange and unknown country (indeed it is still one now, if only we would realise it); both deal with the mentality of heroes that are startling to the commoner. Both bring into fiction a new point of view. I will be so shameless as to recommend *La Condition Humaine* as above *La Chartreuse de Parme*: I must admit that the petty love affairs and the small town intrigues of Stendhal tire me. In *La Condition Humaine* the stage is the world. The drama acted in China between the communists and Chang-Kai-Shek may have been one of the turning points in the history of the world. Anyway, whatever history may have to say, in Malraux' novels we are given the feeling that we stand at one such turning point. And what do we read novels for if not to be impressed? I know of no other writer now that can produce such an impression.

André Malraux was revealed to the world of letters by *Les Conquérants* a few years ago. He drew there an unforgettable picture of a great communist hero and staged a great communist triumph. The fervid enthusiasm of the young Chinese officers, the sulky desperation of the starving masses, the superhuman calm and wisdom of the old educated Chinese gentleman make up a background for the heroic strength of the European communist leader—and for his many weaknesses. But already in this novel of triumph the sinister motive of the reckless violence of the starving classes gives out a note of ruin. In *La Condition Humaine*, the communists are crushed by Chang-Kai-Shek. The Shanghai rising and the extermination of the rebels form the *toile de fond*.

The first scene is the description of the feelings of a terrorist while in the act of murdering a man who carries a document of essential importance:

"Ce pied vivait comme un animal endormi. Terminait-il un corps? "Est-ce que je deviens fou?" Il fallait voir ce corps. Le voir, voir cette tête; pour cela, entrer dans la lumière. Quelle était la résistance de la chair? Convulsivement, Tchen enfonce le poignard dans son bras gauche. La douleur (il n'était plus capable de songer que c'était son bras) l'idée du supplice certain si le dormeur s'éveillait le délivrèrent une seconde: le supplice valait mieux que cette atmosphère de folie. Il s'approcha. C'était bien l'homme qu'il avait vu, deux heures plus tôt, en pleine lumière. Le pied, qui touchait presque le pantalon de Tchen, tourna soudain comme une clef, revint à sa position dans la nuit tranquille. Peut-être le dormeur sentait-il cette présence, mais pas assez pour s'éveiller. . . . Tchen frissonna: un insecte courait sur sa peau. Non; c'était le sang de son bras qui coulait en rigole. Et toujours cette sensation de mal de mer.

Un seul geste, et l'homme serait mort. Le tuer n'était rien: c'était le toucher qui était impossible. Et il fallait frapper avec précision. Le dormeur, couché sur le dos, n'était habillé que d'un caleçon court, mais, sous la peau grasse, les côtes n'étaient pas visibles. Tchen devait prendre pour repères les pointes des seins. Il savait combien il est difficile de frapper de haut en bas. . . .

This terrorist is like a machine wound up to its top power: he has no thought but of killing, and perishes in a useless attempt on Chang-Kai-Shek.

Above him in the psychological scale are two European communists, the Belgian with 'une tête de boxeur crevé', Hemmelrich whose tragedy will consist in surviving the murder of his wife and child, and the Russian Katow who dies an early Christian death in boiling water because he has given the dose of cyanide he always carried on him to two Chinese communists who might not have faced torture properly.

'Au milieu de la nuit, l'officier revint. Dans un chahut d'armes heurtées, six soldats s'approchèrent des condamnés. Tous les prisonniers s'étaient réveillés. Le nouveau fanal, lui aussi, ne montrait que de longues formes confuses—des tombes dans la terre retournée, déjà—et quelques reflets sur des yeux. Katow était parvenu à se dresser. Celui qui commandait l'escorte prit le bras de Kyo, en sentit la raideur, saisit aussitôt Souen; celui-là aussi était raide. Une rumeur se propageait, des premiers rangs des prisonniers aux derniers. Le chef d'escorte prit par le pied une jambe du premier, puis du second: elles retombèrent, raides. Il appela l'officier. Celui-ci fit les mêmes gestes. Parmi les prisonniers, la rumeur grossissait. L'officier regarda Katow:

— Morts?

Pourquoi répondre?

— Isolez les six prisonniers le plus proches!

— Inutile, répondit Katow: c'est moi qui leur ai donné le cyanure.

L'officier hésita:

— Et vous? demanda-t-il enfin.

— Il n'y en avait que pour deux, répondit Katow avec une joie profonde.

'Je vais recevoir un coup de crosse dans la figure', pensa-t-il.

La rumeur des prisonniers était devenue presque une clameur.

— Marchons, dit seulement l'officier.

Katow n'oubliait pas qu'il avait été déjà condamné à mort, qu'il avait vu les mitrailleuses braquées sur lui, les avait entendu tirer. . . . "Dès que je serai dehors, je vais essayer d'en étrangler un, et de laisser mes mains assez longtemps serrées, pour qu'ils soient obligés de me tuer. Ils me brûleront, mais mort". A l'instant même, un des soldats le prit à bras le corps, tandis qu'un autre ramenait ses mains derrière son dos et les attachait. "Les petits auront eu de la veine, pensa-t-il. Allons! supposons que je sois mort dans un incendie".

Above these again are the intellectuals of the party, Kyo, the son of a Japanese woman; his father Gisors, a French Professor who, in the University of Peking, has 'formé le meilleur des cadres révolutionnaires de la Chine du Nord', Kyo's wife May, a German girl born in Shanghai, who loves Kyo profoundly, but . . .

'Elle était intelligente et brave mais souvent maladroite.

"J'ai fini par coucher avec Langlen, cette après-midi".

Il haussa l'épaule, comme pour dire: "Ça te regarde". Mais son geste, l'expression tendue de son visage, s'accordaient mal à cette indifférence. Elle le regardait, exténuée, les pommettes accentuées par la lumière verticale.

Lui aussi regardait ses yeux sans regard, tout en ombre, et ne disait rien. Il se demandait si l'expression de sensualité de son visage ne venait pas de ce que ces yeux noyés et le léger gonflement de ses lèvres accentuaient avec violence, par contraste avec ses traits, sa féminité. . . . Elle s'assit sur le lit, lui prit la main. Il faillit la retirer, mais la laissa. Elle sentit pourtant son mouvement:

— Ça te fait de la peine?

— Je t'ai dit que tu étais libre. . . . N'en demande pas trop, ajouta-t-il avec amertume. Le petit chien sauta sur le lit. Il retira sa main, pour le caresser peut-être.

— Tu es libre, répéta-t-il. Peu importe le reste.

— Enfin, je devais te le dire. Même pour moi.

— Oui.

Qu'elle dût le lui dire ne faisait question ni pour l'un, ni pour l'autre. Il voulut soudain se lever: couché ainsi, elle assise sur son lit, comme un malade veillé par elle. . . . Mais pourquoi faire? Tout était tellement vain, tellement imbécile. . . . Il continuait pourtant à la regarder, à découvrir qu'elle pouvait le faire souffrir, mais que depuis des mois, qu'il la regardât ou non, il ne la voyait plus; quelques expressions, parfois. . . . Cet amour souvent crispé qui les unissait comme un enfant malade, ce sens commun de leur vie et de leur mort, cette entente charnelle entre eux, rien de tout cela n'existait en face de la fatalité qui décolore les formes dont nos regards sont saturés.

This love affair plays no part at all in the general scheme of the book and yet reaches its own maximum possible effect within a few pages.

The book is interesting also from the point of view of novel construction: there is no centre, either to the story or to the characters. Several things go on at the same time. Seven or eight persons could claim to be chief hero or heroine. The communist tragedy is accompanied by a realistic comedy of intrigue amongst financiers, diplomats and spies. One of the conclusions is at the Ministère des Finances, in Paris, where a new campaign is being prepared. Another conclusion takes place in Japan, between May and Gisors.

Malraux, who is not himself a communist (a controversy between him and Trotsky, published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, helps to make that clear), has yet thrown all his sympathies into the communist camp. His great literary merit is to make plausible and human to us characters without models or precedents in French literature and whose actions at the first shock seem to us incomprehensible. He brings therefore a decided increase to our psychological experience. Secondly, for the reader whose chief interest is political, Malraux throws understanding into the darkest places. His books will stand high on both counts.

DENIS SAURAT